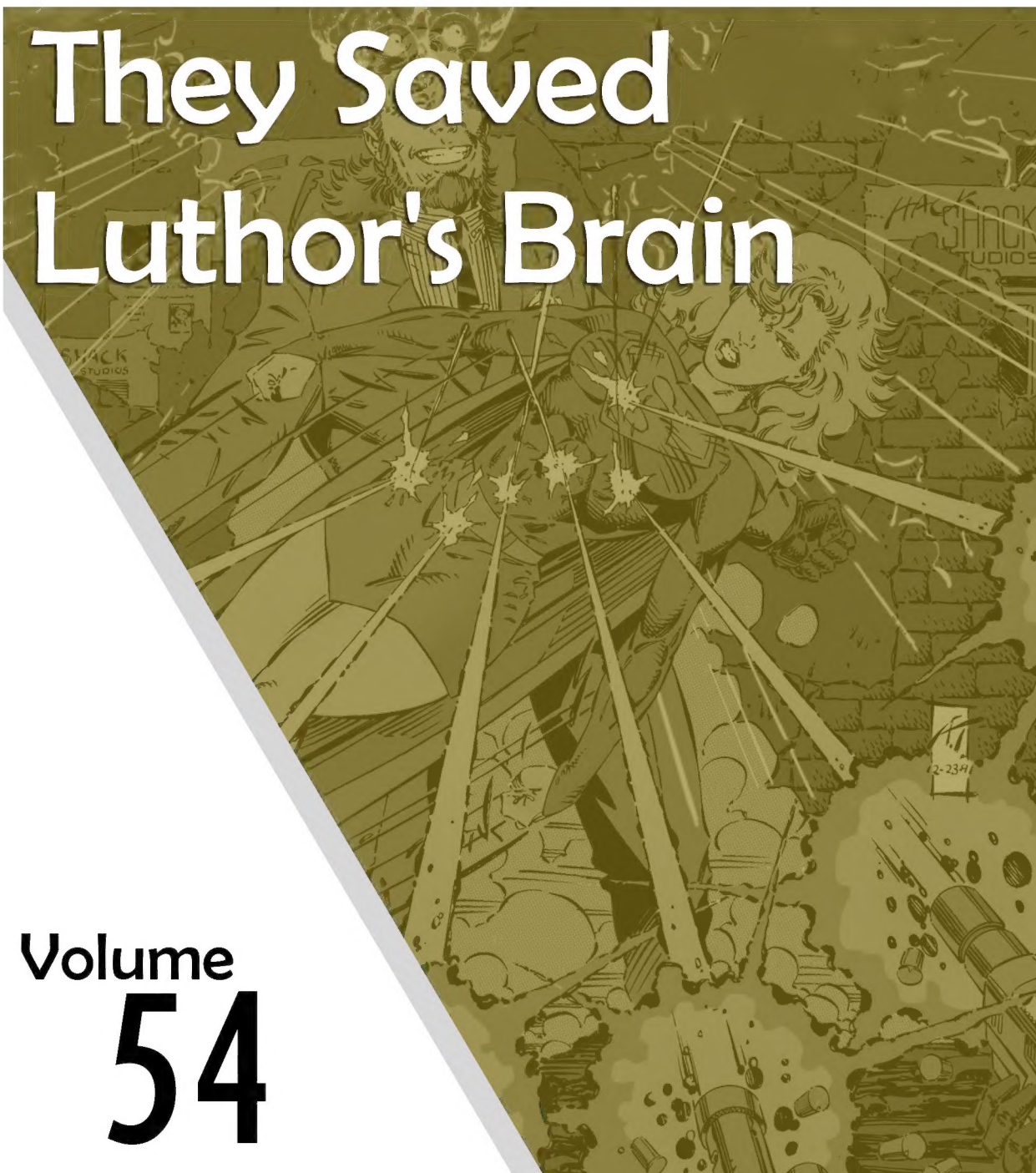
SUPERMAN

Post-CRISIS ON INFINITE EARTHS

They Saved Luthor's Brain

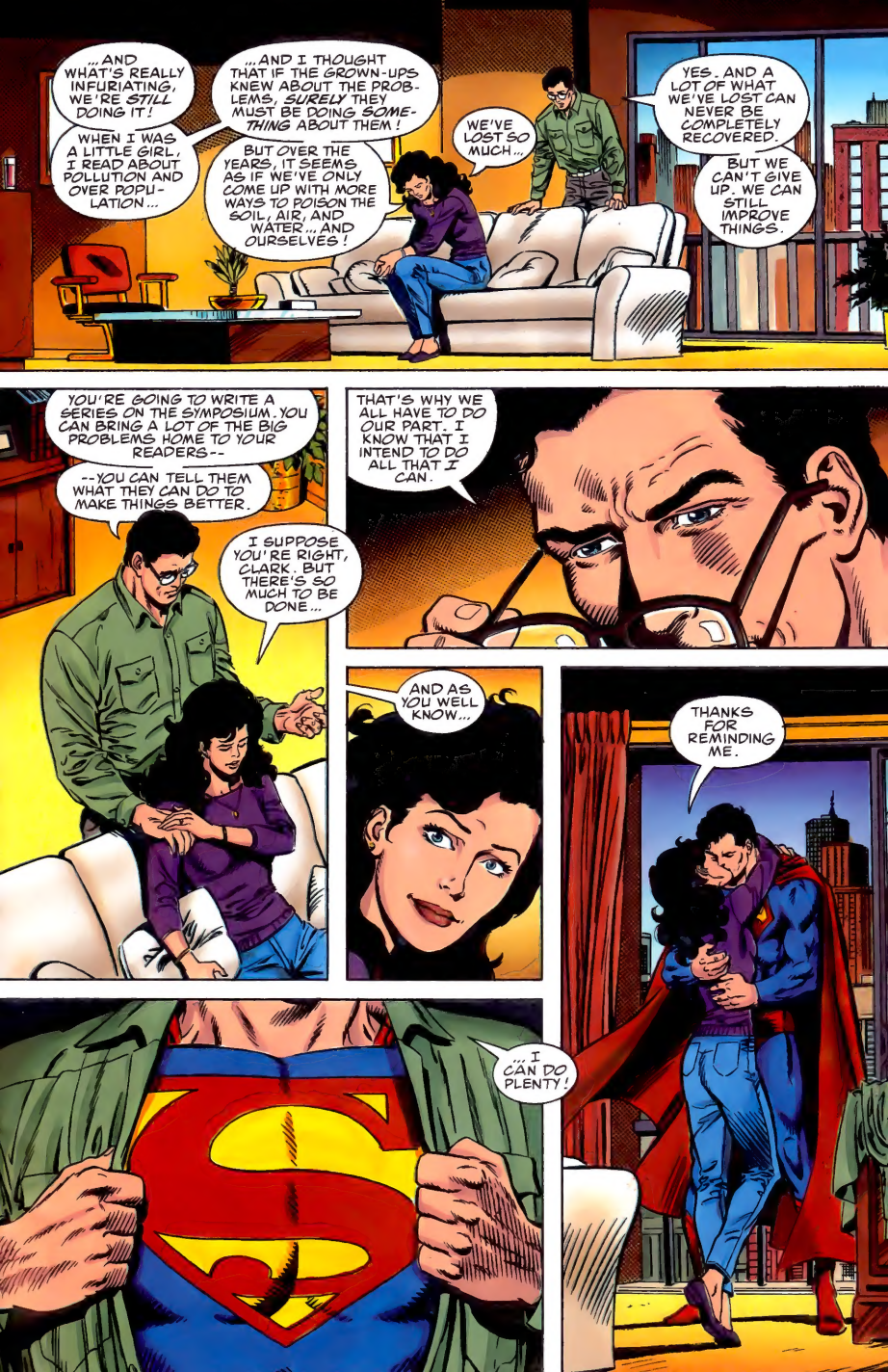


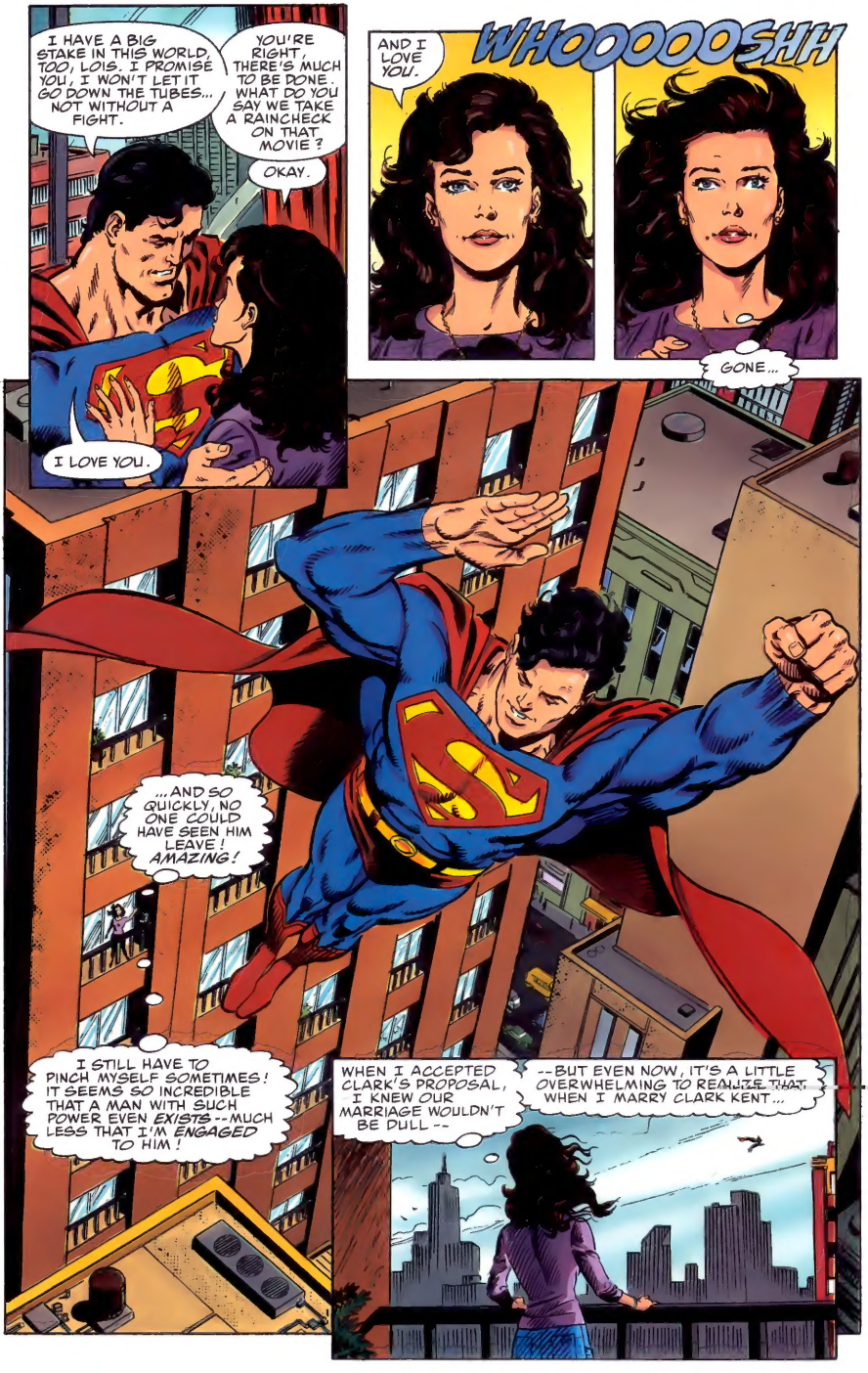
Volume 54

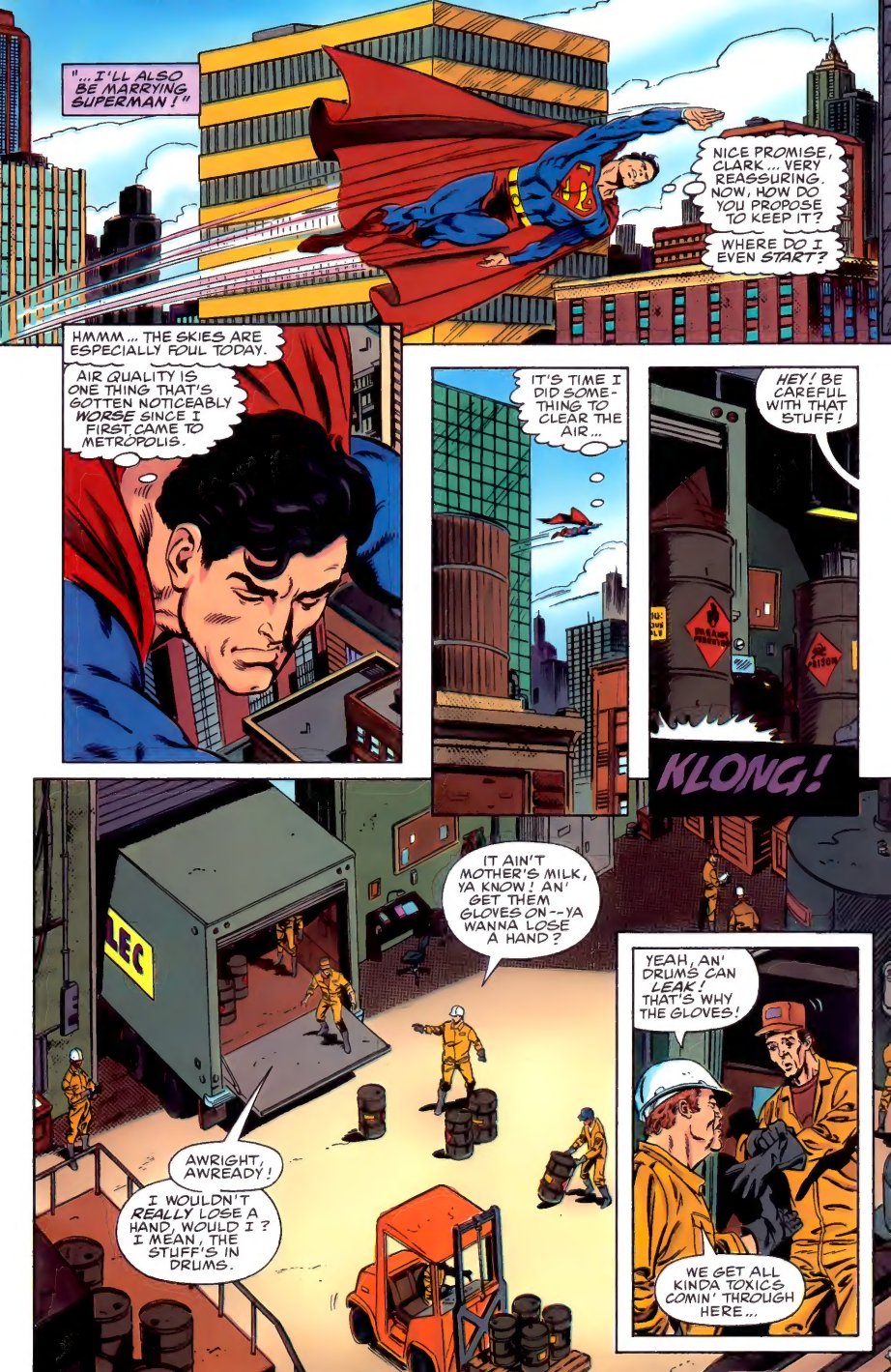
SUPERMAN Post-CRISIS They Saved Luthor's Brain 54

TO SAVE A WORLD!
344 CLINTON STREET, METROPOLIS...
WHAT DO YOU SAY WE TRY TO CATCH THE EARLY SHOW, AND THEN GET A BITE TO EAT LATER?
LOIS?
WHAT'S WRONG?
OH, NOTHING, CLARK...

A LITTLE NOTHING OR A BIG NOTHING?
MUST BE A BIG ONE TO DRIVE YOU ONTO MY BALCONY-- ESPECIALLY ON SUCH A CHILLY DAY.
MMM... YOU'RE ALWAYS SO WARM!
THAT'S THE SECRET OF MY CHARM...
... I'M JUST A WALKING SOLAR CELL!
YOU HAVE A LOT MORE GOING FOR YOU THAN THAT, BABE!
UH-HUH... I HAVE YOU. AND I DON'T LIKE TO SEE YOU SO WORRIED.
SO, TELL ME, WHAT'S BOTHERING YOU?
WELL...
...YOU KNOW THE BIG INTERNATIONAL ECOLOGY SYMPOSIUM THAT'S BEING HELD IN THE CITY NEXT MONTH?
UH-HUH. YOU'RE COVERING IT FOR THE PLANET.
RIGHT. SO I'VE BEEN RESEARCHING THE TOPICS THAT ARE GOING TO BE COVERED...
... ACID RAIN, TOXIC WASTE, THE GREENHOUSE EFFECT, SPECIES EXTINCTION... AND MOST OF WHAT I'VE FOUND IS PRETTY DEPRESSING.
WE'VE DONE SOME TERRIBLE THINGS TO THIS WORLD...


...AND WHAT'S REALLY INFURIATING, WE'RE STILL DOING IT!
WHEN I WAS A LITTLE GIRL, I READ ABOUT POLLUTION AND OVER POPULATION...
...AND I THOUGHT THAT IF THE GROWN-UPS KNEW ABOUT THE PROBLEMS, SURELY THEY MUST BE DOING SOMETHING ABOUT THEM!
BUT OVER THE YEARS, IT SEEMS AS IF WE'VE ONLY COME UP WITH MORE WAYS TO POISON THE SOIL, AIR, AND WATER... AND OURSELVES!
WE'VE LOST SO MUCH...
YES. AND A LOT OF WHAT WE'VE LOST CAN NEVER BE COMPLETELY RECOVERED.
BUT WE CAN'T GIVE UP. WE CAN STILL IMPROVE THINGS.
YOU'RE GOING TO WRITE A SERIES ON THE SYMPOSIUM. YOU CAN BRING A LOT OF THE BIG PROBLEMS HOME TO YOUR READERS--
--YOU CAN TELL THEM WHAT THEY CAN DO TO MAKE THINGS BETTER.
I SUPPOSE YOU'RE RIGHT, CLARK. BUT THERE'S SO MUCH TO BE DONE...
THAT'S WHY WE ALL HAVE TO DO OUR PART. I KNOW THAT I INTEND TO DO ALL THAT I CAN.
AND AS YOU WELL KNOW...
THANKS FOR REMINDING ME.
...I CAN DO PLENTY!


I HAVE A BIG STAKE IN THIS WORLD, TOO, LOIS. I PROMISE YOU, I WON'T LET IT GO DOWN THE TUBES... NOT WITHOUT A FIGHT.
YOU'RE RIGHT, THERE'S MUCH TO BE DONE. WHAT DO YOU SAY WE TAKE A RAINCHECK ON THAT MOVIE?
OKAY.
I LOVE YOU.
AND I LOVE YOU.
WHOOOOOSHH
GONE...
...AND SO QUICKLY, NO ONE COULD HAVE SEEN HIM LEAVE! AMAZING!
I STILL HAVE TO PINCH MYSELF SOMETIMES! IT SEEMS SO INCREDIBLE THAT A MAN WITH SUCH POWER EVEN EXISTS--MUCH LESS THAT I'M ENGAGED TO HIM!
WHEN I ACCEPTED CLARK'S PROPOSAL, I KNEW OUR MARRIAGE WOULDN'T BE DULL--
--BUT EVEN NOW, IT'S A LITTLE OVERWHELMING TO REALIZE THAT WHEN I MARRY CLARK KENT...


"...I'LL ALSO BE MARRYING SUPERMAN!"
NICE PROMISE, CLARK... VERY REASSURING. NOW, HOW DO YOU PROPOSE TO KEEP IT?
WHERE DO I EVEN START?
HMMM... THE SKIES ARE ESPECIALLY FOUL TODAY.
AIR QUALITY IS ONE THING THAT'S GOTTEN NOTICEABLY WORSE SINCE I FIRST CAME TO METROPOLIS.
IT'S TIME I DID SOMETHING TO CLEAR THE AIR...
HEY! BE CAREFUL WITH THAT STUFF!
KLONG!
IT AIN'T MOTHER'S MILK, YA KNOW! AN' GET THEM GLOVES ON--YA WANNA LOSE A HAND?
AWRIGHT, AWREADY! I WOULDN'T REALLY LOSE A HAND, WOULD I? I MEAN, THE STUFF'S IN DRUMS.
YEAH, AN' DRUMS CAN LEAK! THAT'S WHY THE GLOVES!
WE GET ALL KINDA TOXICS COMIN' THROUGH HERE...

"...ORGANICS, CORROSIVES,... YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE SOME OF THE GUNK I'VE HANDLED!
THERE'S MORE WASTE TURNED OUT EVERY DAY--
"-- AN' PLENTY OF COMPANIES WILLIN' TO PAY US UNDER THE TABLE TO GET RID OF IT FOR 'EM!
"I TELL YA, THIS IS ONE SWEET RACKET! WE MIX THE WASTE WITH HEATING OIL..."
...AN' THEN SELL IT TO BUILDINGS TO METROPOLIS! WE MAKE MONEY AT BOTH ENDS--
--AN' CITY FURNACES TAKE CARE O' THE WASTE!
DO THEY REALLY GET HOT ENOUGH TO BREAK DOWN ALL THIS POISON? I KNOW MY FURNACE DON'T ALWAYS HEAT SO WELL.
HEY, I DON'T LIVE IN THE CITY... 'S NOT MY WORRY!
KREEAK
HUH?
KLUNG
THAT'S WHERE YOU'RE WRONG!
SUPERMAN!

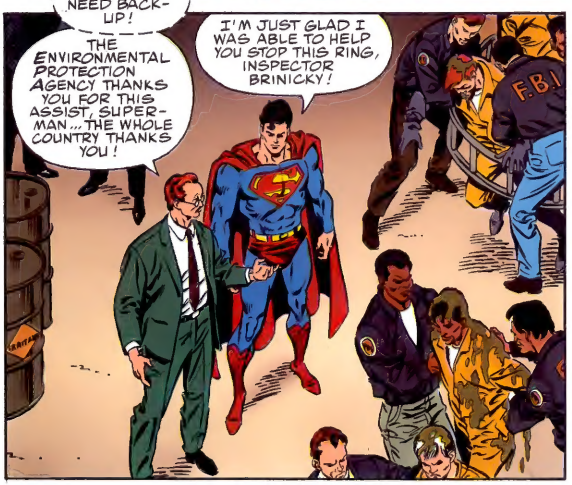
THE AIR HOLDS TO NO BOUNDARIES! WHAT YOU'RE DOING ISN'T JUST CRIMINAL--
BDAM-DAM-DAM!
--IT'S DANGEROUS! DEADLY DANGEROUS!
AND STUPID!
KER-RUNK
WUNK
I SUGGEST THAT THE REST OF YOU SURRENDER!
YOU HAVE NO HOPE OF ESCAPING!
CUT IT! HURRY!
EH?
BUH-DOOM

THERE'S NO MONOPOLY ON STUPIDITY AROUND HERE, IS THERE ?
ALL RIGHT, IF THAT'S HOW IT HAS TO BE--
-- WE'LL DO THIS THE HARD WAY !
WHOOP !
YOW !
NO.., NO !
OH, SHUT UP ! JUST BE GLAD I'M DUMPING YOU IN THE UNTAINTED OIL !
AND AS FOR THE REST OF YOU...
TOONK
TOONK

...IT'S TIME FOR THE LAST ROUND-UP!

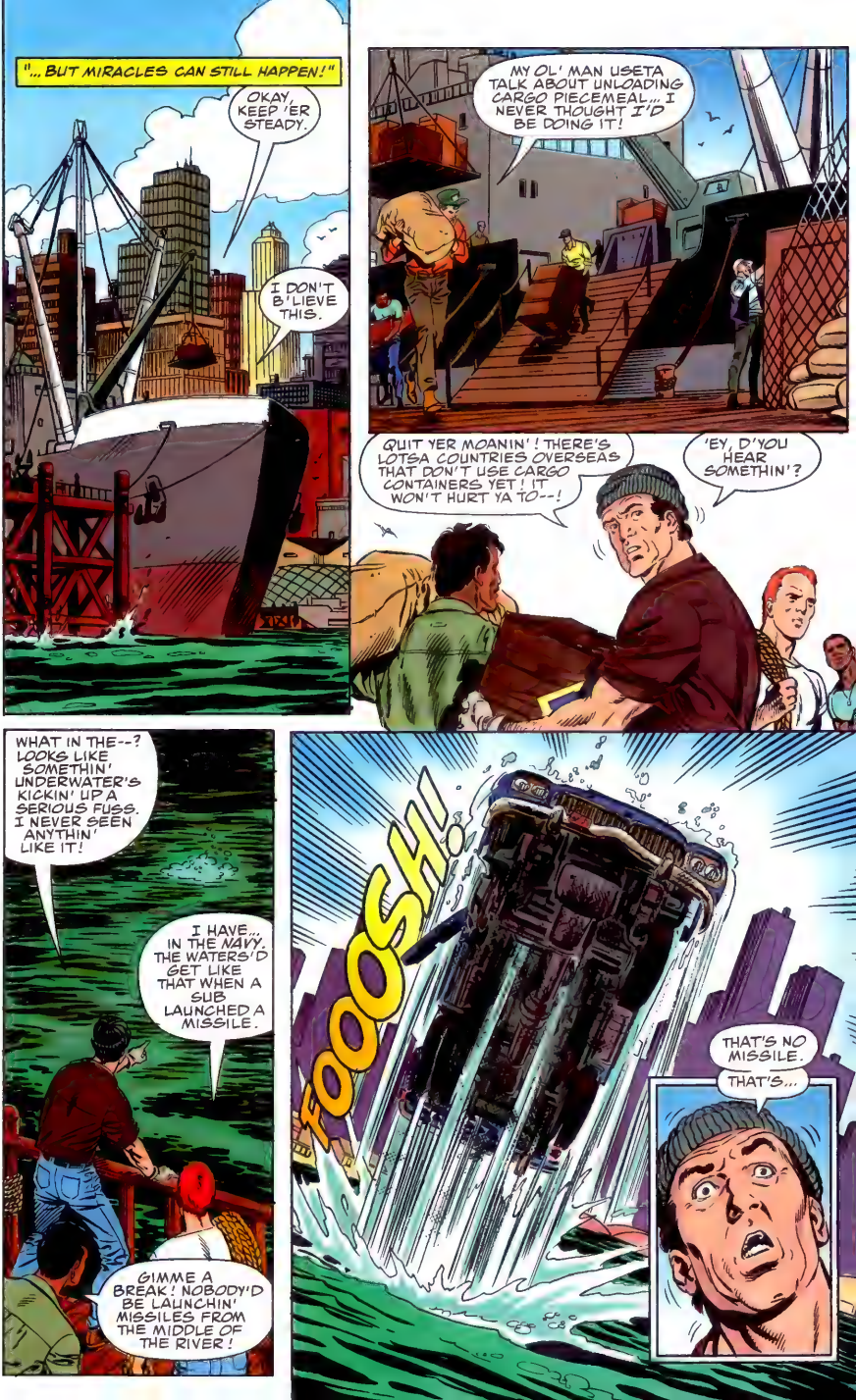
THIS IS THE F.B.I.-- NOBODY MOVE!!
FBI

DON'T WORRY, AGENT RHODES, THEY WON'T GO ANYWHERE
THEY'RE ALL YOURS!
FBI

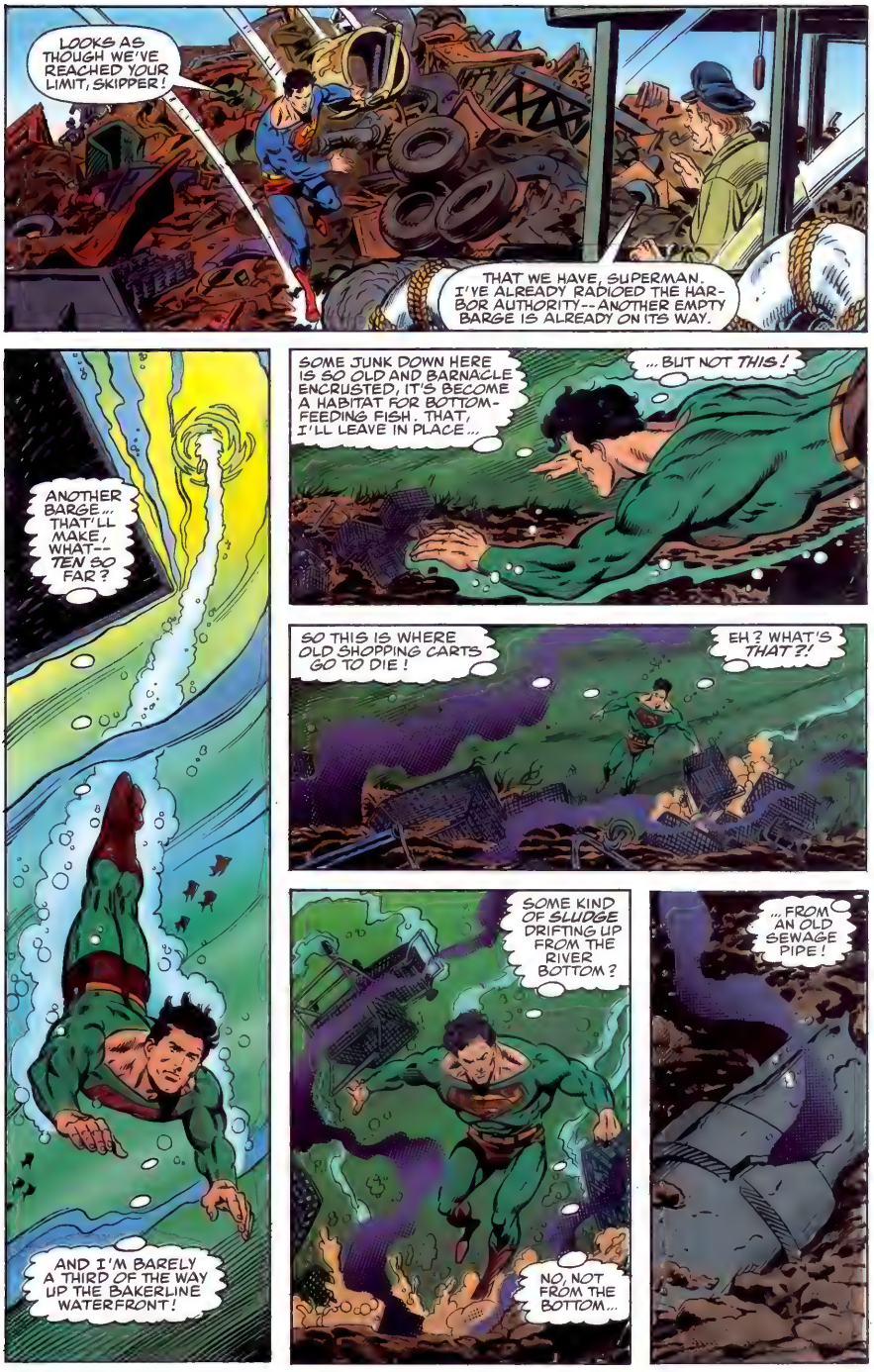

I TOLD YOU HE WOULDN'T NEED BACK-UP!
THE ENVIRONMENTAL PROTECTION AGENCY THANKS YOU FOR THIS ASSIST, SUPERMAN... THE WHOLE COUNTRY THANKS YOU!
I'M JUST GLAD I WAS ABLE TO HELP YOU STOP THIS RING, INSPECTOR BRINICKY!
F.B.I

I'M RARELY SHOCKED ANYMORE, BUT I NEVER GET USED TO UNCOVERING THESE KINDS OF CRIMES.
IT'S ANOTHER PROOF OF THAT SAD OLD SAYING...

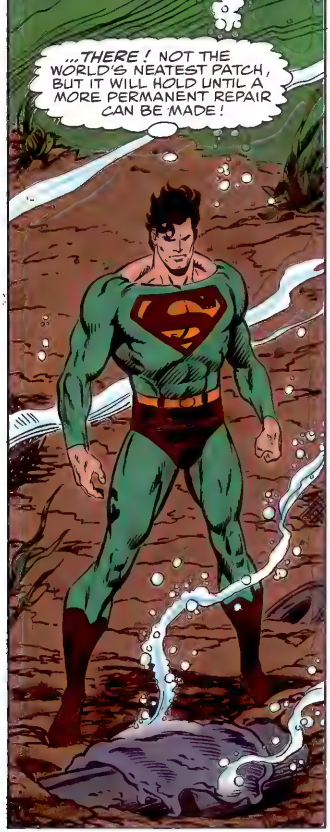
"...MAN IS THE ONLY CREATURE THAT FOULS ITS OWN NEST." THE PERFECT TAG-LINE...
DAILY PLANET
DAILY PLANET
SUPERMAN STOPS TOXIC OIL RING
TOXIC WASTE ADDED TO HEATING OIL
...YOU'VE DONE IT AGAIN, KENT!
THANKS, CHIEF. I ONLY WISH THAT SUCH STORIES DIDN'T CROP UP SO OFTEN.
ACCORDING TO THE F.B.I, ANOTHER RING WAS WORKING THE SAME RACKET UP IN NEW YORK ONLY A FEW YEARS AGO. PRETTY FRIGHTENING, WHEN YOU THINK ABOUT IT.
THE CITY'S AIR IS FOUL ENOUGH AS IT IS!
DON'T I KNOW IT! I GREW UP IN METROPOLIS, KENT... I REMEMBER WHEN THE SKY WAS A REAL BLUE...
...AND SO WAS THE HARBOR! WHY, WHEN I WAS A BOY, HOB'S RIVER WAS STILL CLEAN ENOUGH TO SWIM IN!
IT WOULD TAKE A MIRACLE TO GET IT THAT CLEAN TODAY!
THAT MAY BE, PERRY...


"... BUT MIRACLES CAN STILL HAPPEN!"
OKAY, KEEP 'ER STEADY.
I DON'T B'LIEVE THIS.
MY OL' MAN USETA TALK ABOUT UNLOADING CARGO PIECEMEAL... I NEVER THOUGHT I'D BE DOING IT!
QUIT YER MOANIN'! THERE'S LOTSA COUNTRIES OVERSEAS THAT DON'T USE CARGO CONTAINERS YET! IT WON'T HURT YA TO--!
'EY, D'YOU HEAR SOMETHIN'?
WHAT IN THE--? LOOKS LIKE SOMETHIN' UNDERWATER'S KICKIN' UP A SERIOUS FUSS. I NEVER SEEN ANYTHIN' LIKE IT!
I HAVE... IN THE NAVY. THE WATERS'D GET LIKE THAT WHEN A SUB LAUNCHED A MISSILE.
GIMME A BREAK! NOBODY'D BE LAUNCHIN' MISSILES FROM THE MIDDLE OF THE RIVER!
FOOOSH!
THAT'S NO MISSILE.
THAT'S...

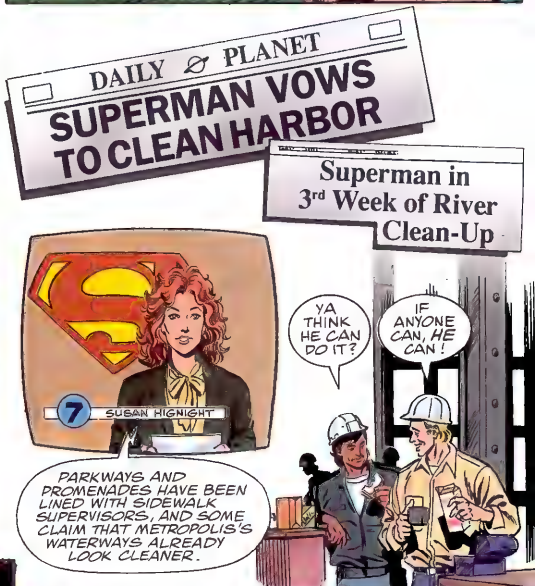
"... AN OLD STUDEBAKER?!"
FAMP
TUNK
KLANK
WILL YA GET A LOAD'A THAT-- IT'S A REGULAR FLOATIN' MOUNT TRASH-MORE!
I STILL DON'T GET IT. HOW'S ALL THAT JUNK BEIN' SHOT OUTTA THE RIVER?
I DON'T THINK IT'S BEIN' SHOT... I THINK IT'S BEIN' THROWN...
"... YEAH, AN' HERE COMES THE PITCHER!"

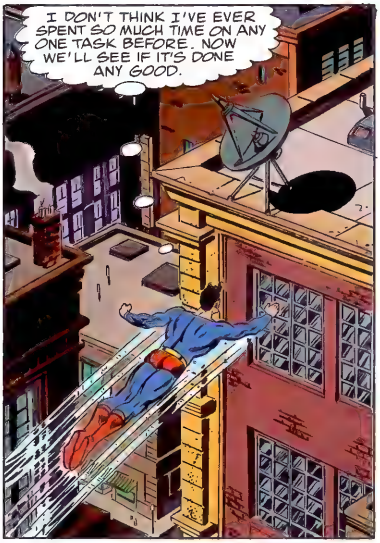

LOOKS AS THOUGH WE'VE REACHED YOUR LIMIT, SKIPPER!
THAT WE HAVE, SUPERMAN. I'VE ALREADY RADIOED THE HARBOR AUTHORITY--ANOTHER EMPTY BARGE IS ALREADY ON ITS WAY.
ANOTHER BARGE... THAT'LL MAKE, WHAT--*TEN* SO FAR?
AND I'M BARELY A THIRD OF THE WAY UP THE BAKERLINE WATERFRONT!
SOME JUNK DOWN HERE IS SO OLD AND BARNACLE ENCRUSTED, IT'S BECOME A HABITAT FOR BOTTOM-FEEDING FISH. THAT, I'LL LEAVE IN PLACE...
...BUT NOT *THIS!*
SO THIS IS WHERE OLD SHOPPING CARTS GO TO DIE!
EH? WHAT'S *THAT?!*
SOME KIND OF *SLUDGE* DRIFTING UP FROM THE RIVER BOTTOM?
NO, NOT FROM THE BOTTOM...
...FROM AN OLD SEWAGE PIPE!

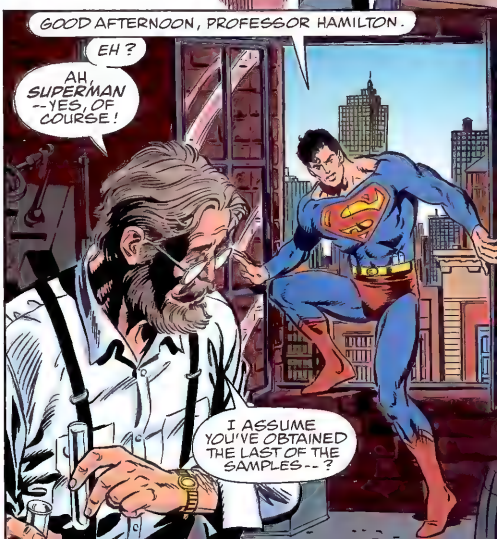
GREAT... JUST GREAT.
I WONDER HOW LONG THIS HAS BEEN LEAKING EFFLUENT INTO THE HARBOR?
OH, WELL... IT DOES NO GOOD TO CURSE THE DARKNESS...
"... BETTER TO LIGHT A CANDLE. OR, IN THIS CASE--
"--A LITTLE CANCHING-RUSTED STEEL."
CAREFUL NOW... LET'S NOT ADD THERMAL POLLUTION TO THE RIVER'S PROBLEMS.
I WANT TO USE JUST ENOUGH OF MY HEAT VISION TO MELT THE METAL, AND...

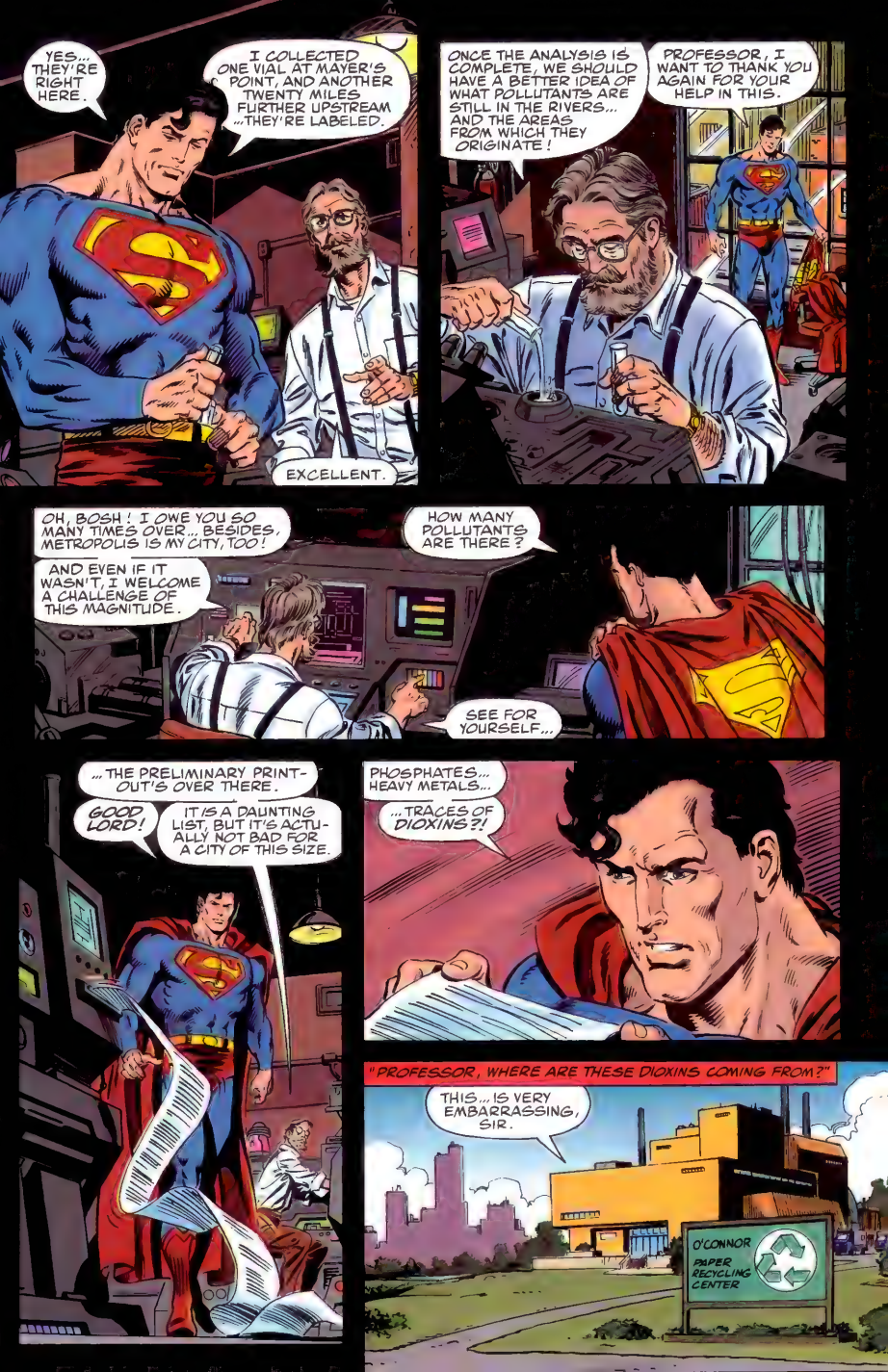

...THERE! NOT THE WORLD'S NEATEST PATCH, BUT IT WILL HOLD UNTIL A MORE PERMANENT REPAIR CAN BE MADE!

I WONDER HOW MANY OTHER LEAKS ARE OUT THERE? I STILL HAVE SO MANY MILES OF RIVER TO GO...

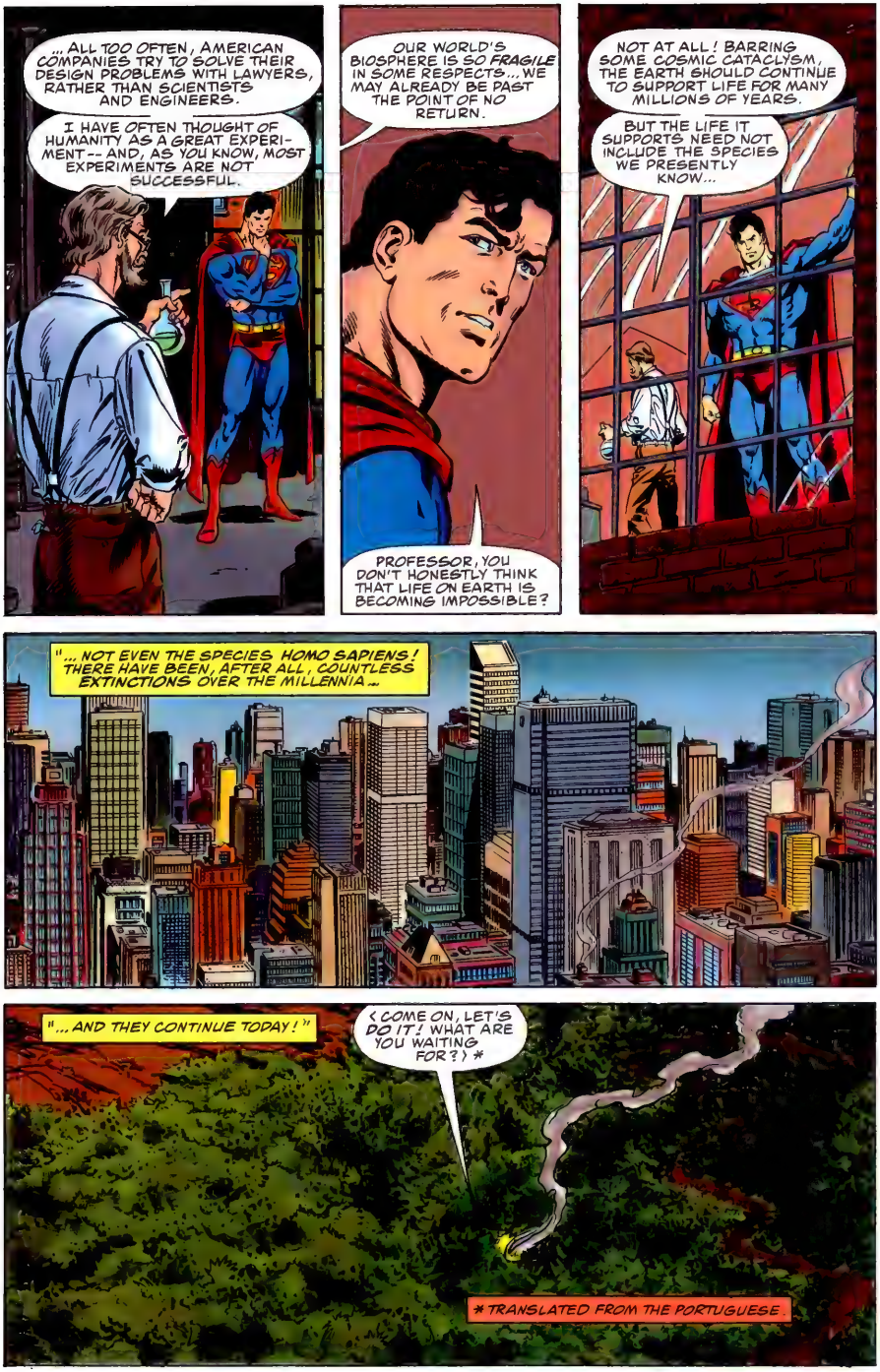

DAILY & PLANET
SUPERMAN VOWS TO CLEAN HARBOR
Superman in 3rd Week of River Clean-Up
7
SUSAN HIGHTIGHT
PARKWAYS AND PROMENADES HAVE BEEN LINED WITH SIDEWALK SUPERVISORS, AND SOME CLAIM THAT METROPOLIS'S WATERWAYS ALREADY LOOK CLEANER.
YA THINK HE CAN DO IT?
IF ANYONE CAN, HE CAN!


I DON'T THINK I'VE EVER SPENT SO MUCH TIME ON ANY ONE TASK BEFORE. NOW WE'LL SEE IF IT'S DONE ANY GOOD.


GOOD AFTERNOON, PROFESSOR HAMILTON.
EH?
AH, SUPERMAN --YES, OF COURSE!
I ASSUME YOU'VE OBTAINED THE LAST OF THE SAMPLES--?


YES... THEY'RE RIGHT HERE.
I COLLECTED ONE VIAL AT MAYER'S POINT, AND ANOTHER TWENTY MILES FURTHER UPSTREAM ...THEY'RE LABELED.
EXCELLENT.
ONCE THE ANALYSIS IS COMPLETE, WE SHOULD HAVE A BETTER IDEA OF WHAT POLLUTANTS ARE STILL IN THE RIVERS... AND THE AREAS FROM WHICH THEY ORIGINATE!
PROFESSOR, I WANT TO THANK YOU AGAIN FOR YOUR HELP IN THIS.
OH, BOSH! I OWE YOU SO MANY TIMES OVER... BESIDES, METROPOLIS IS MY CITY, TOO!
AND EVEN IF IT WASN'T, I WELCOME A CHALLENGE OF THIS MAGNITUDE.
HOW MANY POLLUTANTS ARE THERE?
SEE FOR YOURSELF...
...THE PRELIMINARY PRINT-OUT'S OVER THERE.
GOOD LORD!
IT IS A DAUNTING LIST, BUT IT'S ACTUALLY NOT BAD FOR A CITY OF THIS SIZE.
PHOSPHATES... HEAVY METALS...
...TRACES OF DIOXINS?!
"PROFESSOR, WHERE ARE THESE DIOXINS COMING FROM?"
THIS... IS VERY EMBARRASSING, SIR.
O'CONNOR PAPER RECYCLING CENTER

EMBARRASSING?! YOUR PLANT WAS BUILT TO HELP REDUCE WASTES--!
AND WE'RE DOING THE BEST WE CAN, SUPERMAN. BUT IT'S NOT AN EASY PROBLEM.
YOU MUST UNDERSTAND, WE'RE NOT CREATING ANY NEW DIOXIN POLLUTION--
--HOWEVER, MOST OF THE PAPER WE RECEIVE FOR REPROCESSING DOES CARRY DIOXINS FROM ITS ORIGINAL MANUFACTURE, AND...
...SOME OF THOSE COMPOUNDS GET BACK INTO THE ENVIRONMENT. WE HAVE HOPES THAT THE PROBLEM WILL EVENTUALLY CORRECT ITSELF.
I CAN ASSURE YOU--
--OUR PLANT MEETS ALL THE FEDERAL STANDARDS.
SUPERMAN?
I DID A LITTLE CHECKING, PROFESSOR... APPARENTLY DIOXIN-TAINTED PAPER IS USED IN EVERYTHING FROM MILK CARTONS TO DIAPERS!
AND IT DOESN'T HAVE TO BE THAT WAY!
MILLS IN SWEDEN ARE ALREADY USING A SAFER OXYGEN-BLEACHING PROCESS IN THEIR PAPER PRODUCTION.
BUT AMERICAN MILLS HAVE BEEN SLOWER TO CHANGE. INSTEAD, THEY'VE ARGUED THAT THE DIOXIN LEVELS ARE TOO LOW TO BE A HEALTH HAZARD.
I KNOW. IT IS ALL QUITE MADDENING...


... ALL TOO OFTEN, AMERICAN COMPANIES TRY TO SOLVE THEIR DESIGN PROBLEMS WITH LAWYERS, RATHER THAN SCIENTISTS AND ENGINEERS.
I HAVE OFTEN THOUGHT OF HUMANITY AS A GREAT EXPERIMENT -- AND, AS YOU KNOW, MOST EXPERIMENTS ARE NOT SUCCESSFUL.
OUR WORLD'S BIOSPHERE IS SO FRAGILE IN SOME RESPECTS... WE MAY ALREADY BE PAST THE POINT OF NO RETURN.
PROFESSOR, YOU DON'T HONESTLY THINK THAT LIFE ON EARTH IS BECOMING IMPOSSIBLE?
NOT AT ALL! BARRING SOME COSMIC CATACLYSM, THE EARTH SHOULD CONTINUE TO SUPPORT LIFE FOR MANY MILLIONS OF YEARS.
BUT THE LIFE IT SUPPORTS NEED NOT INCLUDE THE SPECIES WE PRESENTLY KNOW...
"... NOT EVEN THE SPECIES HOMO SAPIENS! THERE HAVE BEEN, AFTER ALL, COUNTLESS EXTINCTIONS OVER THE MILLENNIA..."
"... AND THEY CONTINUE TODAY!"
(COME ON, LET'S DO IT! WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR?) *
* TRANSLATED FROM THE PORTUGUESE.

〈WHAT ARE YOU, A BUNCH OF OLD WOMEN? PUT YOUR BACKS INTO IT!〉
RHRRRRR
〈YOU'VE BEEN WORKING ALL MORNING--〉
〈--AND YOU'VE BARELY CLEARED A DECENT FIRE-BREAK! NEVER HAVE I WORKED WITH SUCH SLOTHS!〉
〈OUR EMPLOYER IS PAYING US TO CARVE OUT PASTURE LAND FOR A GREAT RANCH--AND THE SOONER WE FINISH, THE SOONER WE ARE ALL PAID!〉
〈OH, YOU ARE HOPELESS!〉
"〈THANK GOD FOR THE FIRE! WITHOUT IT--〉
"〈--I WOULD NEVER GET THIS JUNGLE CLEARED!〉"

AWWK
BRAWK
SPLUSH
FOOOSH!

FUUSH

GYAHH!
?!?

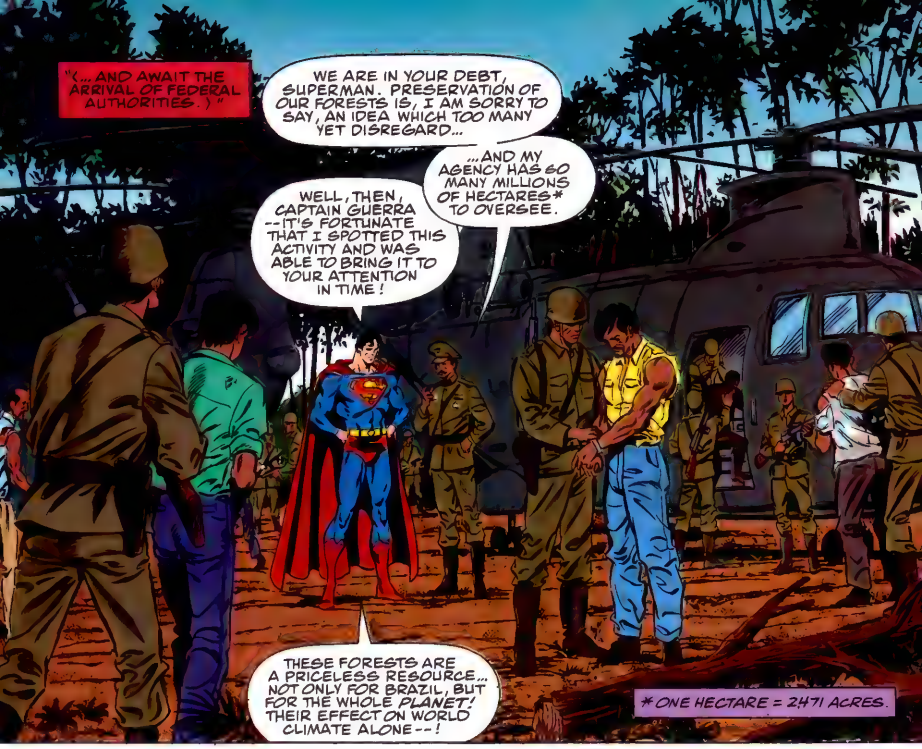
〈WHAT... WHAT WAS THAT?!〉
〈IT WAS AS IF A GREAT RIVER SUDDENLY POURED FROM THE HEAVENS!〉
〈B-BUT THERE IS NOT A CLOUD IN SIGHT!〉

〈WHAT ARE YOU JABBERING ABOUT NOW? WHY DO YOU THINK THIS IS CALLED A RAIN FOREST, EH?〉

〈BACK TO WORK, ALL OF YOU! WE MUST NOW RE-DOUBLE OUR EFFORTS!〉
〈"BACK TO WORK... BACK TO WORK!" HE IS NO FOREMAN, HE IS A SLAVE DRIVER!〉
BRT-RT-RHDR

AIEEEE!
〈HALT!〉

〈THIS AREA IS A PROTECTED RESERVE!〉
〈ANY CLEARING OF THIS LAND IS A VIOLATION OF BRAZILIAN LAW!〉
〈PUT DOWN YOUR TOOLS AT ONCE!〉
〈NO! I AM IN CHARGE HERE! AND I SAY THEY CLEAR THE LAND!〉
〈YOU ARE A CRAZY MAN!〉
〈THE ONLY LAW HERE IS MINE!〉
〈ANY WHO SAY OTHERWISE MUST DI--!〉
KRUK
〈MY PORTUGUESE IS FAR FROM PERFECT... PERHAPS I DID NOT MAKE MYSELF CLEAR.〉
〈ALL CLEARING IS TO CEASE... AT ONCE! ARE THERE ANY OTHER OBJECTIONS?〉
SNAP!
〈N-N-NO. NONE.〉
〈GOOD. I MUST ASK YOU TO STAY WHERE YOU ARE...〉


"(... AND AWAIT THE ARRIVAL OF FEDERAL AUTHORITIES.)"
WE ARE IN YOUR DEBT, SUPERMAN. PRESERVATION OF OUR FORESTS IS, I AM SORRY TO SAY, AN IDEA WHICH TOO MANY YET DISREGARD...
...AND MY AGENCY HAS SO MANY MILLIONS OF HECTARES* TO OVERSEE.
WELL, THEN, CAPTAIN GUERRA --IT'S FORTUNATE THAT I SPOTTED THIS ACTIVITY AND WAS ABLE TO BRING IT TO YOUR ATTENTION IN TIME!
THESE FORESTS ARE A PRICELESS RESOURCE... NOT ONLY FOR BRAZIL, BUT FOR THE WHOLE PLANET! THEIR EFFECT ON WORLD CLIMATE ALONE--!
*ONE HECTARE = 2471 ACRES.

YANKEE PIG!
YOU LEVEL YOUR OWN FORESTS, AND THEN PREACH TO US TO LEAVE OURS UN-CUT! DO YOU EXPECT US TO STARVE TO PROTECT YOUR WORLD?
PTUI!

SUPERMAN, I AM MOST SORRY--!
NO NEED TO APOLOGIZE, CAPTAIN...

...NO NEED AT ALL.

WE'VE DONE SOME TERRIBLE THINGS TO THIS WORLD...
HEY, I DON'T LIVE IN THE CITY ... 'S NOT MY WORRY!
"MAN IS THE ONLY CREATURE THAT FOULS ITS OWN NEST."
OUR PLANT MEETS ALL THE FEDERAL STANDARDS.
I HAVE OFTEN THOUGHT OF HUMANITY AS A GREAT EXPERIMENT -- AND, AS YOU KNOW, MOST EXPERIMENTS ARE NOT SUCCESSFUL.
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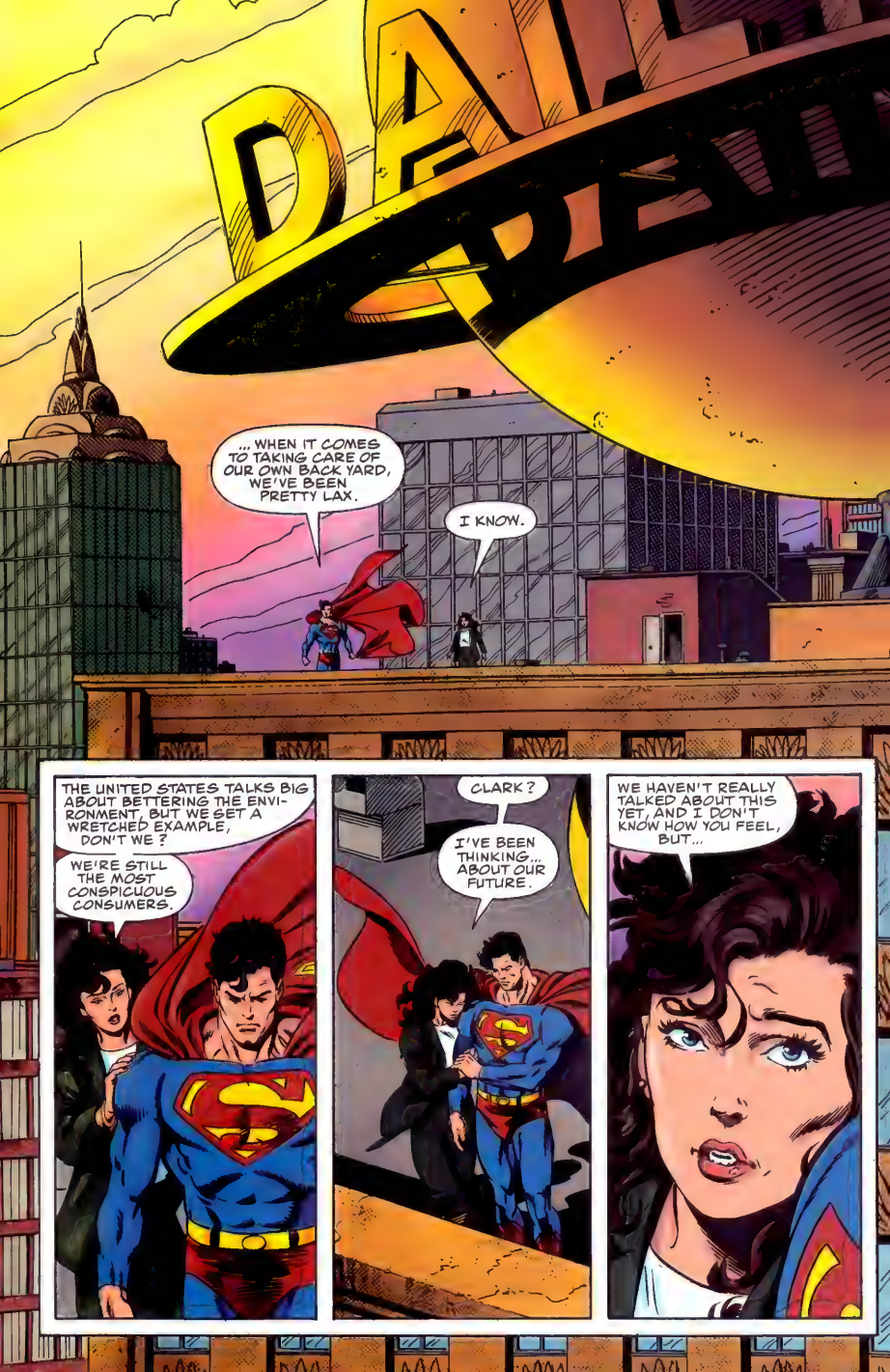
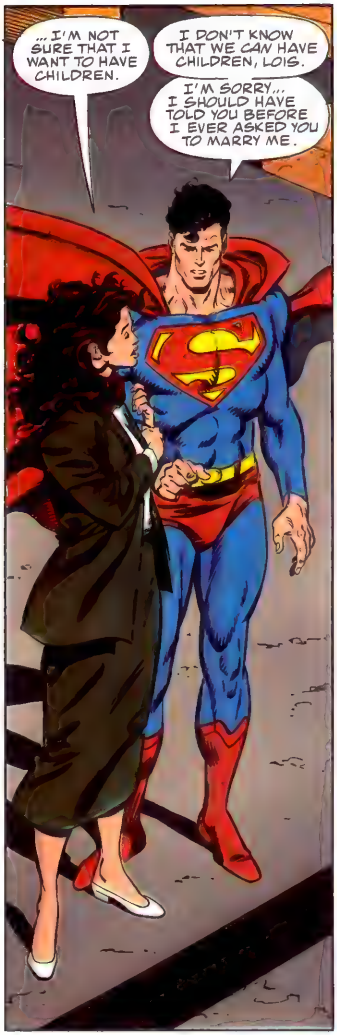
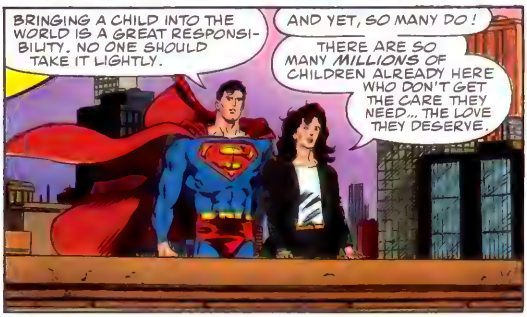
THE MAN HAD A POINT, LOIS...
DAILY PLANET


DAILY PLANET
...WHEN IT COMES TO TAKING CARE OF OUR OWN BACK YARD, WE'VE BEEN PRETTY LAX.
I KNOW.
THE UNITED STATES TALKS BIG ABOUT BETTERING THE ENVIRONMENT, BUT WE SET A WRETCHED EXAMPLE, DON'T WE?
WE'RE STILL THE MOST CONSPICUOUS CONSUMERS.
CLARK?
I'VE BEEN THINKING... ABOUT OUR FUTURE.
WE HAVEN'T REALLY TALKED ABOUT THIS YET, AND I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU FEEL, BUT...


...I'M NOT SURE THAT I WANT TO HAVE CHILDREN.
I DON'T KNOW THAT WE CAN HAVE CHILDREN, LOIS.
I'M SORRY... I SHOULD HAVE TOLD YOU BEFORE I EVER ASKED YOU TO MARRY ME.

FOR AS HUMAN AS I LOOK, I'M STILL AN ALIEN. IT MAY BE GENETICALLY IMPOSSIBLE.

I ALMOST HOPE THAT'S THE CASE. I MEAN... IF THE DECISION WERE TAKEN OUT OF OUR HANDS, WE WOULDN'T HAVE TO MAKE IT.
THAT SOUNDS TERRIBLE, DOESN'T IT?
NO... NOT REALLY.

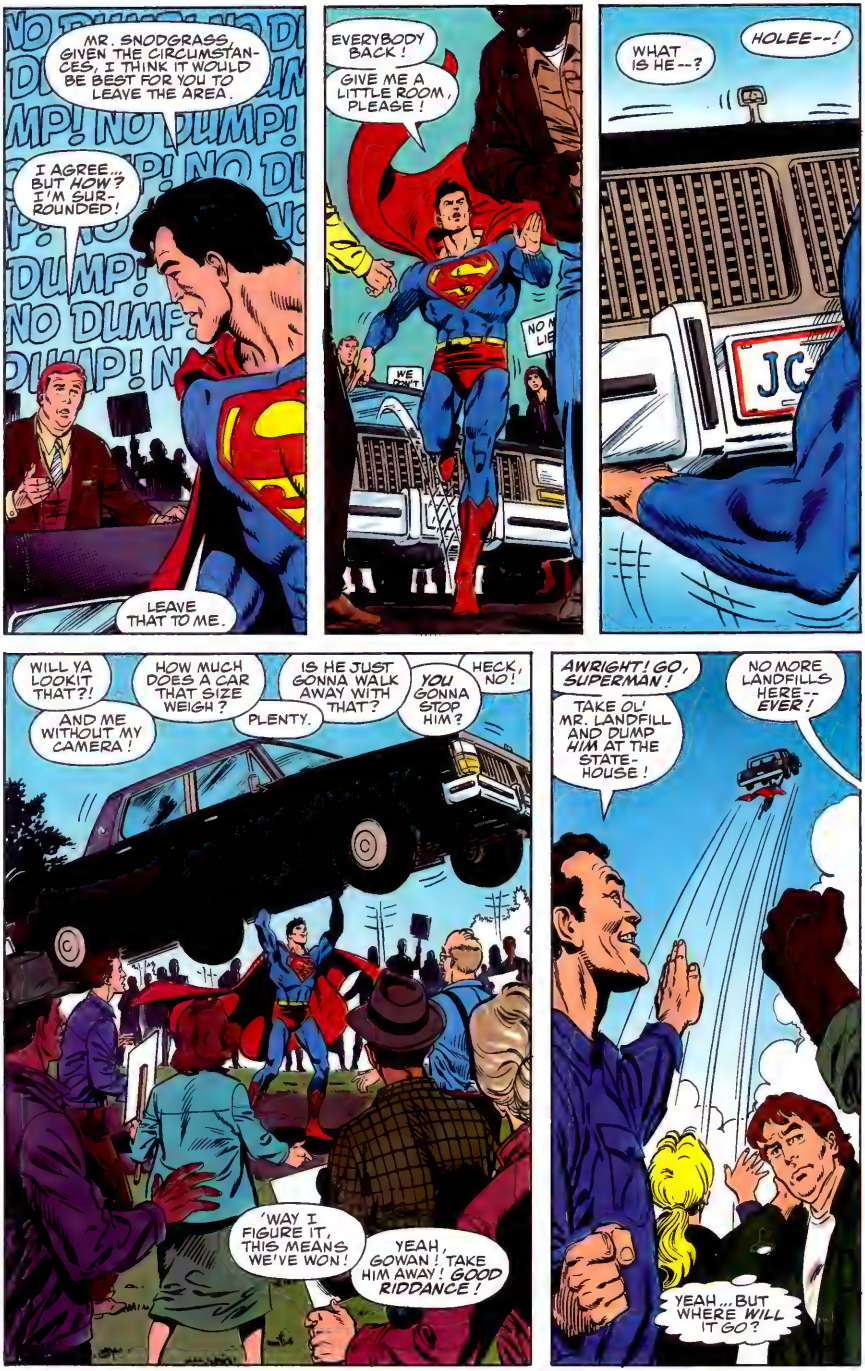

BRINGING A CHILD INTO THE WORLD IS A GREAT RESPONSIBILITY. NO ONE SHOULD TAKE IT LIGHTLY.
AND YET, SO MANY DO!
THERE ARE SO MANY MILLIONS OF CHILDREN ALREADY HERE WHO DON'T GET THE CARE THEY NEED... THE LOVE THEY DESERVE.

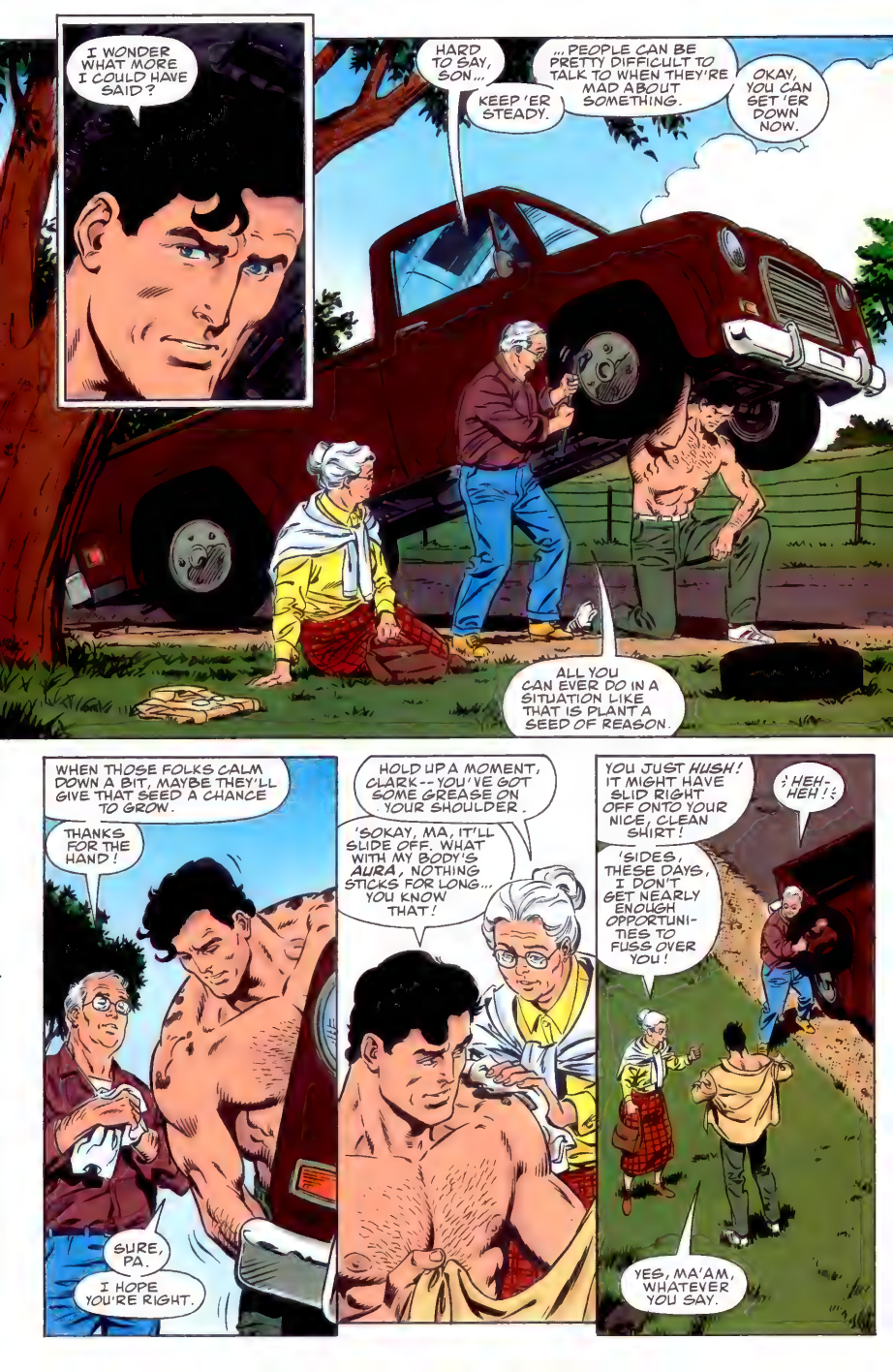
DAILY PLANET
THERE ARE JUST SO MANY PEOPLE! AND THE MORE OF US THERE ARE, THE BIGGER THE PROBLEMS WE FACE.
WHAT GOOD DOES IT DO TO IMPROVE RECYCLING BY 25%, IF WE GO AND DOUBLE THE POPULATION AGAIN?
WHAT DO WE DO THEN?

THE NEXT DAY...
I STILL CAN'T GET LOIS'S QUESTION OUT OF MY MIND.
I WISH I HAD AN ANSWER.
IT'S SUCH A COMPLICATED PROBLEM... THERE ARE NO EASY ANSWERS.
I'M AFRAID THAT WHAT IS NEEDED IS A MAJOR CHANGE IN THE WAY WE LIVE--
--MAYBE EVEN THE WAY WE THINK!
BUT PEOPLE DON'T LIKE TO FACE THOSE KINDS OF CHANGES.
HELLO...
...WHAT HAVE WE HERE?
YOU'VE COME TO THE WRONG PLACE, SNODGRASS!
NOW SEE HERE, I HAVE FULL AUTHORITY FROM THE GOVERNOR--!
THAT COUNTS FOR NOTHING WITH ME! I DIDN'T VOTE FOR 'IM!
WE DON'T CARE IF THE PRESIDENT HIMSELF SENT YOU, YOU WON'T POISON OUR LAND AGAIN!
ONCE IS TOO MUCH!
NO MORE LIES!
LANDFILL THE CAPITAL!
DON'T DUMP ON ME!
FILL YOUR OWN LAND!

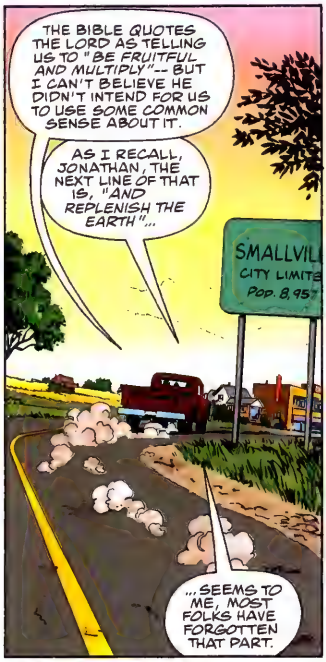
LOOK, I'M SURE WE CAN REASON THIS OUT.
DON'T DUMP ON ME!
NO MORE LIES!
WE'VE SEEN YOUR REASON IN ACTION--AND IT STINKS WORSE THAN YOUR LANDFILL!
DUM HERE
YEAH! WE REMEMBER WHEN THE OLD LANDFILL WENT IN... YOU SWORE UP AND DOWN THAT NOTHING WOULD GET INTO OUR WATER!
HALF A DOZEN WELLS HAVE BEEN CONTAMINATED SINCE THEN--
--WE WON'T LET YOU POISON ANY MORE WELLS!
PLEASE, I-I ASSURE YOU, OUR NEW TECH-NOLOGY--!
LOOK! UP IN THE SKY!
WHAT'S THE TROUBLE HERE?
SUPERMAN!
THANK GOD YOU'RE HERE!
I'M DANIEL SNODGRASS, CHAIRMAN OF THE STATE COMMISSION FOR SANITARY LANDFILLS. I WAS BEGIN-NING TO FEAR FOR MY LIFE!
THESE PEOPLE ARE INTERFERING WITH OFFICIAL BUSINESS!
AND HE'S INTERFERING WITH OUR LIVES!
YES, WHAT ABOUT OUR LIVES?!
BUD
@#%!! FAT CAT!
ALL RIGHT, THAT'S ENOUGH!
WHAT BUSINESS, SNODGRASS?

THIS AREA'S LANDFILL IS NEARLY FULL -- THAT'S COMMON KNOWLEDGE. OTHER STATES WILL NO LONGER TAKE OUR REFUSE, SO WE HAVE TO SITE A NEW LANDFILL.
I'M MERELY HERE TO MAKE A PRELIMINARY INSPECTION ... IT'S BY NO MEANS CERTAIN THAT THE LANDFILL WILL BE SITED HERE.
THAT'S WHAT YOU SAID LAST TIME!
YOU RAN RIGHT OVER US THEN, BUT WE'RE ORGANIZED NOW!
YOU'RE NOT STICKING ANOTHER LANDFILL IN OUR BACK YARDS!
NOT AGAIN
IT SHOULDN'T GO IN ANYBODY'S BACK YARD!
NOT HERE
PLEASE, LET'S HAVE SOME ORDER!
NO MORE LIES
KEEP YOUR GARBAGE
NO LANDFILL
I CAN UNDERSTAND YOUR CONCERN ... AND YOUR COMPLAINTS SOUND MORE THAN LEGITIMATE...
... BUT THE TRASH HAS TO GO SOMEWHERE! PERHAPS IF YOU PUT TOGETHER A CITIZENS' PANEL TO WORK WITH THE SITING COMMISSION--?
PUT IT IN SNODGRASS'S HOME DISTRICT... OVER IN MADISON!
WHO CARES WHERE IT GOES... LONG AS IT'S NOT HERE!
NO, MY AUNT LIVES THERE!
YEAH! NO DUMP... NO DUMP!

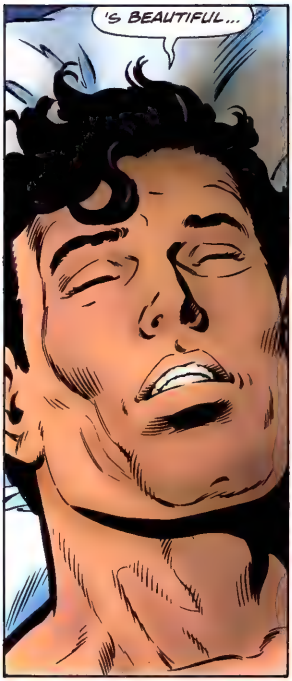

MR. SNODGRASS, GIVEN THE CIRCUMSTANCES, I THINK IT WOULD BE BEST FOR YOU TO LEAVE THE AREA.
I AGREE... BUT HOW? I'M SURROUNDED!
LEAVE THAT TO ME.
EVERYBODY BACK!
GIVE ME A LITTLE ROOM, PLEASE!
WHAT IS HE--?
HOLEE--!
WILL YA LOOKIT THAT?!
AND ME WITHOUT MY CAMERA!
HOW MUCH DOES A CAR THAT SIZE WEIGH?
PLENTY.
IS HE JUST GONNA WALK AWAY WITH THAT?
YOU GONNA STOP HIM?
HECK, NO!
'WAY I FIGURE IT, THIS MEANS WE'VE WON!
YEAH, GOWAN! TAKE HIM AWAY! GOOD RIDDANCE!
AWRIGHT! GO, SUPERMAN!
TAKE OL' MR. LANDFILL AND DUMP HIM AT THE STATE-HOUSE!
NO MORE LANDFILLS HERE--EVER!
YEAH... BUT WHERE WILL IT GO?


I WONDER WHAT MORE I COULD HAVE SAID?
HARD TO SAY, SON...
KEEP 'ER STEADY.
...PEOPLE CAN BE PRETTY DIFFICULT TO TALK TO WHEN THEY'RE MAD ABOUT SOMETHING.
OKAY, YOU CAN SET 'ER DOWN NOW.
ALL YOU CAN EVER DO IN A SITUATION LIKE THAT IS PLANT A SEED OF REASON.
WHEN THOSE FOLKS CALM DOWN A BIT, MAYBE THEY'LL GIVE THAT SEED A CHANCE TO GROW.
THANKS FOR THE HAND!
SURE, PA.
I HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT.
HOLD UP A MOMENT, CLARK--YOU'VE GOT SOME GREASE ON YOUR SHOULDER.
'SOKAY, MA, IT'LL SLIDE OFF. WHAT WITH MY BODY'S AURA, NOTHING STICKS FOR LONG... YOU KNOW THAT!
YOU JUST HUSH! IT MIGHT HAVE SLID RIGHT OFF ONTO YOUR NICE, CLEAN SHIRT!
'SIDES, THESE DAYS, I DON'T GET NEARLY ENOUGH OPPORTUNITIES TO FUSS OVER YOU!
:HEH-HEH!:
YES, MA'AM, WHATEVER YOU SAY.

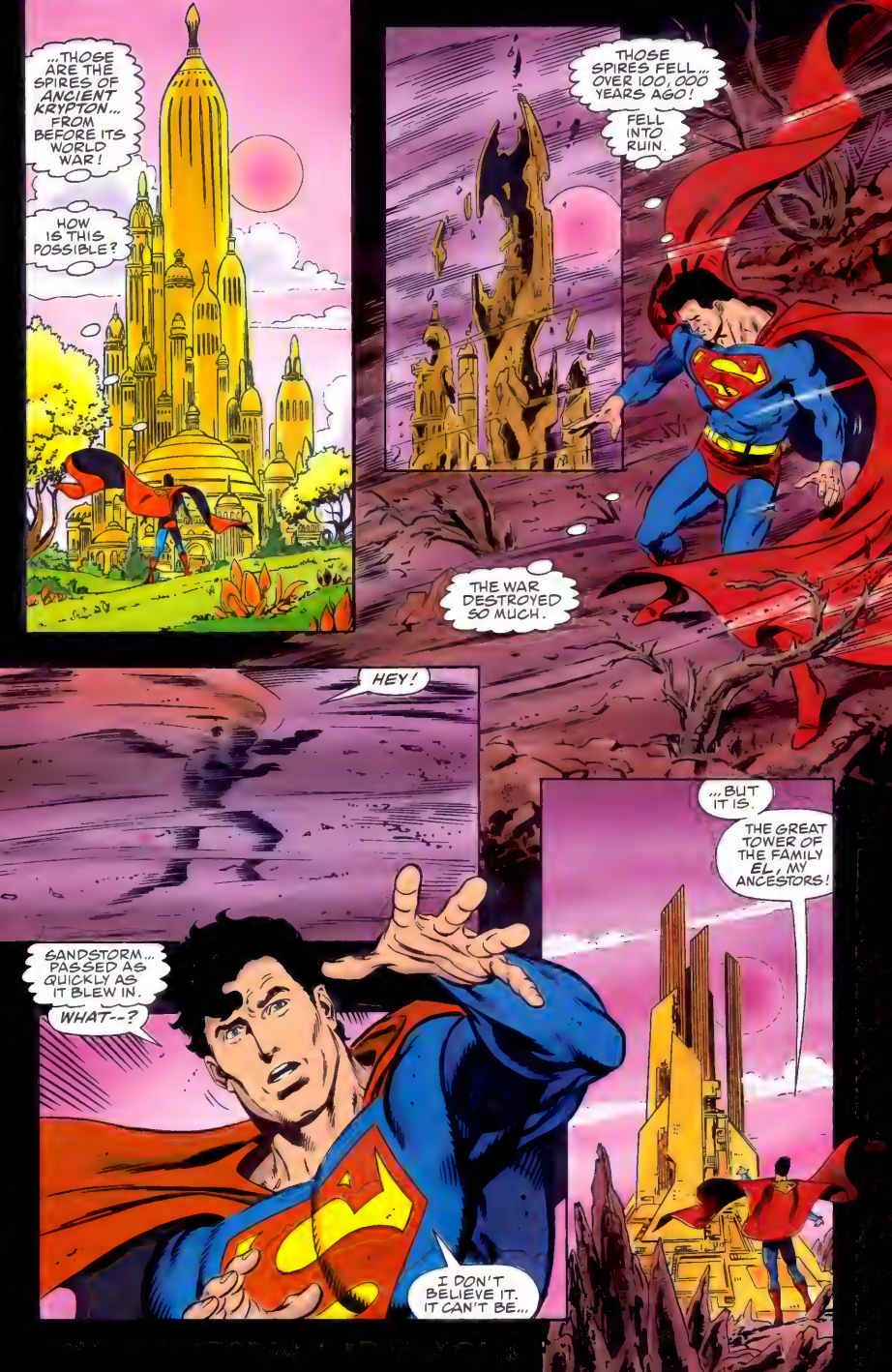
I'M JUST GLAD THAT THIS HAPPENED DURING MY VISIT.
THE OLD PAPPBURGH PIKE IS A BAD SPOT FOR A FLAT... THE SHOULDER'S TOO SOFT TO SET A JACK SAFELY.
WE'D HAVE MANAGED SOMEHOW, SON. BUT I AM OBLIGED.
WHAT DOES BRING YOU OUT THIS WAY, ANYHOW? YOU KNOW WE'RE ALWAYS GLAD TO SEE YOU, BUT THIS WAS UNEXPECTED.
YOU AND LOIS AREN'T HAVING TROUBLES--?!
NO, MA... NOT LIKE THAT. BUT WE HAVE BEEN TALKING ABOUT THE FUTURE, AND... WELL...
...I HOPE YOU DIDN'T HAVE YOUR HEARTS SET ON BEING GRANDPARENTS.
IS THAT ALL? LAND SAKES, FOR THE LONGEST TIME, WE DIDN'T THINK WE'D EVER BE PARENTS!
YOU AND LOIS DO WHAT'S RIGHT FOR YOU, SON--
--IF YOU'RE HAPPY, THAT'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR US!
OH, HEAVENS, JONATHAN, LOOK...
FUTURE SITE OF
NEWCOMB GLEN APARTMENTS
200 units available thru Russell Realty
...THEY'RE GOING THROUGH WITH THAT APARTMENT COMPLEX.
200 UNITS... WHERE ARE ALL THE PEOPLE COMING FROM? WHERE ARE THEY GOING TO WORK?
A BETTER QUESTION IS "WHO'S GOING TO FEED THEM?" SEEMS LIKE EVERY YEAR, HOUSING GOBBLES UP MORE AN' MORE FARMLAND.


THE BIBLE QUOTES THE LORD AS TELLING US TO "BE FRUITFUL AND MULTIPLY"-- BUT I CAN'T BELIEVE HE DIDN'T INTEND FOR US TO USE SOME COMMON SENSE ABOUT IT.
AS I RECALL, JONATHAN, THE NEXT LINE OF THAT IS, "AND REPLENISH THE EARTH"...
SMALLVIL
CITY LIMITS
POP. 8,95
...SEEMS TO ME, MOST FOLKS HAVE FORGOTTEN THAT PART.

THAT NIGHT--
--AS CLARK KENT SEEKS A GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP IN HIS OLD ROOM...
UHNGH? WHA--?
SMALLVILLE


'S BEAUTIFUL...

...IT'S ALL SO BEAUTIFUL!
AND SOMEHOW... FAMILIAR. BUT I DON'T THINK I'VE EVER BEEN HERE BEFORE.
GOOD LORD...


...THOSE ARE THE SPIRES OF ANCIENT KRYPTON... FROM BEFORE ITS WORLD WAR!
HOW IS THIS POSSIBLE?
THOSE SPIRES FELL... OVER 100,000 YEARS AGO!
FELL INTO RUIN.
THE WAR DESTROYED SO MUCH.
HEY!
...BUT IT IS.
THE GREAT TOWER OF THE FAMILY EL, MY ANCESTORS!
SANDSTORM... PASSED AS QUICKLY AS IT BLEW IN.
WHAT--?
I DON'T BELIEVE IT. IT CAN'T BE...

THAT'S WHERE MY FATHER JOR-EL LIVED DURING KRYPTON'S FINAL AGE.
HIS DEVICES HAVE SHOWN ME IMAGES OF KRYPTON IN THE PAST...
...IS IT BY HIS DOING THAT I'M HERE?
THE TOWER... THE ANSWER MUST BE IN THE TOWER!
WHY CAN'T I REACH IT?!
AND WHY... CAN'T I FLY... ANY FASTER?
I MUST... REACH THE TOWER... BEFORE...

WHAT A NIGHTMARE...
...SO VIVID... AS IF I WERE ACTUALLY *THERE* AS KRYPTON EXPLODED. WHAT--?
WHAT AM I *DOING HERE*? WHERE *IS* HERE? AM I STILL DREAM--?
KRUK
KRIEK
?!
SHOOM
THE *PLANET* BUILDING?
METROPOLIS... IT'S...
...IT'S GROWING UP ALL AROUND ME! TAKING OVER EVERY-THING!

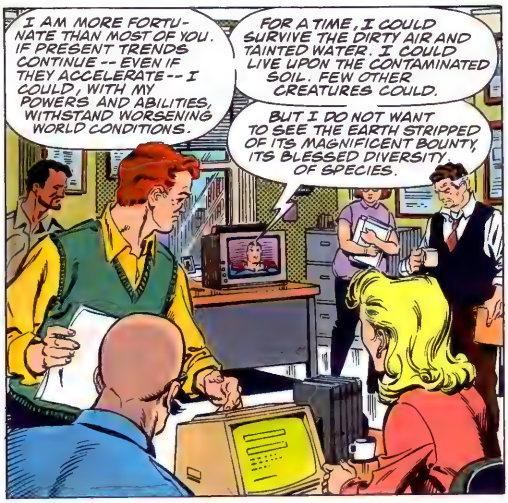
KOFF-KUFF
SO MUCH GARBAGE IN THE AIR--I CAN HARDLY BREATHE...
STOP!
CAN'T YOU SEE WHAT YOU'RE DOING?!
YOU'RE POISONING EVERYTHING--YOU'RE POISONING YOURSELVES!
YOU'LL KILL THE CITY! YOU'LL KILL...
...YOU'VE KILLED EVERYONE!
HIGH SOCIETY
WHY?! WHY COULDN'T YOU SEE? YOU'VE LEFT THE WORLD IN SUCH A STATE...
...ONLY THE MOST ADAPTABLE CREATURES COULD LIVE THROUGH THIS.
ROACHES!
I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN THAT YOU WOULD SURVIVE!

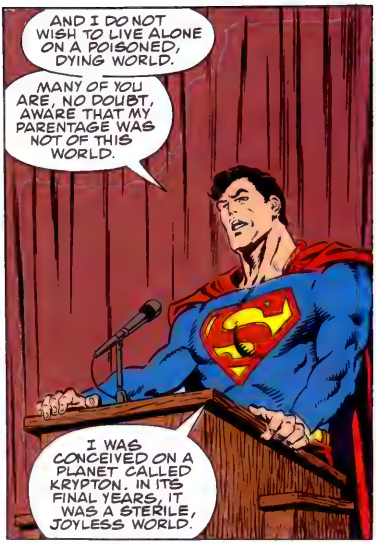
ALL YOU HAVE TO FEAR--
--ARE PREDATORS.
:AUH-KOUF:
:KAFF:
FOOD. FOOD... AT LAST...
...AT LASSSST:
OH, NO.
NO!
NO!!
AT LEAST THIS TIME I'M FINALLY, TRULY AWAKE. I WISH I COULD FORGET... BUT I CAN'T. I MUSTN'T!
THIS ISN'T OVER... NOT YET...

"--IT'S ONLY JUST BEGINNING--"
WE MUST OBJECT TO SUCH WORDING
TO NOT CONSIDER WOULD BE AN OUT-RAGE
THE AGENDA MUST NOT OVERLOOK --!
CIVIC AUDITORIUM
CANNOT BE BINDING WITHOUT ASSURANCES --!
MUST BE CERTAIN GUARAN-TEES
ORDER! WE MUST HAVE ORDER!
WORLD ENVIRONMENT CONGRESS
DR. MEHEDI, WHY ARE YOU LEAVING THE FLOOR?
CAN YOU TELL US--?
DR. MEHEDI?
THERE IS LITTLE POINT IN SPEAKING TO THOSE WHO WILL NOT LISTEN!
I'LL LISTEN. THERE'S A LOT MY READERS WANT TO KNOW... LIKE, WILL THIS CONFER-ENCE YIELD ANY SOLUTIONS TO OUR PROB-LEMS?
WHAT DO YOU THINK, DOCTOR?
MS. LANE, IT IS MOST DIFFICULT TO PRODUCE ANSWERS WHEN PEOPLE CANNOT AGREE UPON THE QUESTIONS--
--OR EVEN UPON HOW TO PHRASE THEM! I FEAR THAT THERE ARE TOO MANY POLITICIANS IN ATTENDANCE AT THIS CONGRESS.
THREE DAYS WE HAVE BEEN MEETING, AND STILL THEY ARE ARGUING OVER PROCEDURES! MEAN-WHILE, THE WORLD CONTINUES TO TUMBLE INTO CHAOS.
PRESS
WILL THE DELEGATES PLEASE BE SEATED? THE CHAIR CANNOT GIVE ANYONE THE FLOOR IF WE CANNOT RECOGNIZE YOU!

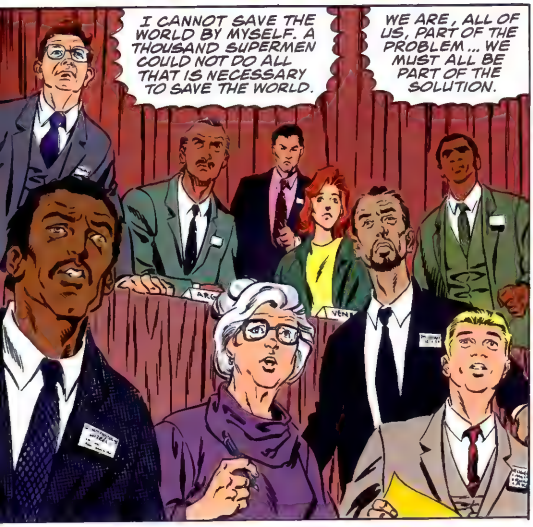
MADAME CHAIRWOMAN!
OH!
I WISH TO ADDRESS THIS CONGRESS!
¿QUE...?
SUPERMAN?
DA, SUPERMAN!
DIOS MIO, EL HOMBRE DE ACERO!
SUPERUÒMO!
ÜBERMENSCH!
THE CHAIR RECOGNIZES SUPERMAN!
THE FLOOR IS YOURS, SIR.
THANK YOU.
SUPERMAN?! WHY IS HE HERE?
I-I'M NOT SURE, DOCTOR--
--BUT I BELIEVE WE'RE ABOUT TO FIND OUT.
PRESS

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN... DISTINGUISHED DELEGATES... MEMBERS OF THE NEWS MEDIA...
...THIS PLANET HAS MANY PROBLEMS, BUT FEW ARE AS URGENT AS THOSE WHICH THIS CONGRESS HAS ASSEMBLED TO DISCUSS. ANYONE WHO HAS GIVEN THE MATTER ANY THOUGHT MUST SURELY REALIZE--
--THAT LIFE ON PLANET EARTH IS BEING THREATENED... AND THAT WE, OURSELVES, ARE THE SOURCE OF THAT THREAT.
ON VIRTUALLY EVERY LEVEL, FROM THE ECONOMIC TO THE SPIRITUAL, HUMANITY HAS BEEN SQUANDERING ITS INHERITANCE.
OUR RAINFORESTS, THE VERY LUNGS OF OUR WORLD, ARE BEING DESTROYED.
PLANTS AND ANIMALS ARE BECOMING EXTINCT FASTER THAN THEY CAN BE STUDIED. WE CANNOT EVEN BEGIN TO CALCULATE WHAT WE ARE LOSING EVERY YEAR... EVERY DAY!
THAT CLOSEUP'S STILL OUT OF FOCUS! TAKE CAMERA TWO!
I WISH I COULD TAKE EACH OF YOU OUT INTO SPACE, SO THAT YOU COULD LOOK BACK --AS I HAVE --AND SEE JUST HOW PRECIOUS THIS EARTH OF OURS TRULY IS.
IMAGINE, IF YOU WILL, BEING HALFWAY ACROSS OUR SOLAR SYSTEM AND REALIZING THAT, FOR MILLIONS UPON MILLIONS OF MILES--
--THIS SHINING BLUE GLOBE IS THE ONLY PLACE WHERE YOU CAN FIND A BREATH OF AIR AND A SIP OF WATER.
OH, THERE ARE OTHER WORLDS IN THE UNIVERSE WHICH CAN SUSTAIN LIFE AS WE KNOW IT.
BUT THOSE WORLDS ARE VERY FEW AND VERY FAR AWAY... AND NONE OF THEM ARE QUITE LIKE OUR WORLD.


I AM MORE FORTUNATE THAN MOST OF YOU. IF PRESENT TRENDS CONTINUE -- EVEN IF THEY ACCELERATE -- I COULD, WITH MY POWERS AND ABILITIES, WITHSTAND WORSENING WORLD CONDITIONS.
FOR A TIME, I COULD SURVIVE THE DIRTY AIR AND TAINTED WATER. I COULD LIVE UPON THE CONTAMINATED SOIL. FEW OTHER CREATURES COULD.
BUT I DO NOT WANT TO SEE THE EARTH STRIPPED OF ITS MAGNIFICENT BOUNTY, ITS BLESSED DIVERSITY OF SPECIES.

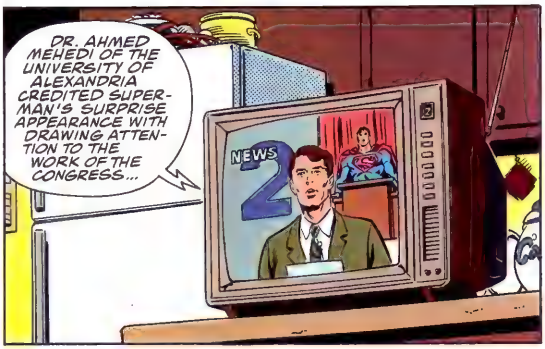

AND I DO NOT WISH TO LIVE ALONE ON A POISONED, DYING WORLD.
MANY OF YOU ARE, NO DOUBT, AWARE THAT MY PARENTAGE WAS NOT OF THIS WORLD.
I WAS CONCEIVED ON A PLANET CALLED KRYPTON. IN ITS FINAL YEARS, IT WAS A STERILE, JOYLESS WORLD.

I WAS LUCKY ENOUGH TO BE SENT HERE, TO BE BORN ON THIS GOOD EARTH. AND I AM PROUD TO CALL THE EARTH MY HOME.
WE ARE ALL CITIZENS OF THE EARTH. WE ARE DIVIDED BY DIFFERENCES OF LANGUAGE AND CULTURE, OF RACE AND NATION--
-- BUT WE ALL LIVE UPON THE EARTH. THIS IS OUR HOME... WE CANNOT LET IT DIE.
IT IS WITHIN OUR POWER TO REVERSE THE DESTRUCTION OF THE EARTH. IT WILL NOT BE EASY... AND IT WILL NOT BE ACCOMPLISHED OVERNIGHT. BUT WE MUST START NOW... EVERY ONE OF US.


I CANNOT SAVE THE WORLD BY MYSELF. A THOUSAND SUPERMEN COULD NOT DO ALL THAT IS NECESSARY TO SAVE THE WORLD.
WE ARE, ALL OF US, PART OF THE PROBLEM... WE MUST ALL BE PART OF THE SOLUTION.

I HAVE LOST ONE WORLD ALREADY. I DON'T WANT TO LOSE ANOTHER.
I ASK FOR YOUR HELP... TO SAVE A WORLD... TO SAVE OUR EARTH.

THE WORLD ENVIRONMENTAL CONGRESS BROKE UP TODAY, WITH DELEGATES RETURNING TO THEIR HOME COUNTRIES WITH NEW PLANS AND PROPOSALS--
--AND NEW HOPES FOR INTERNATIONAL COOPERATION IN IMPROVING THE HEALTH OF PLANET EARTH.

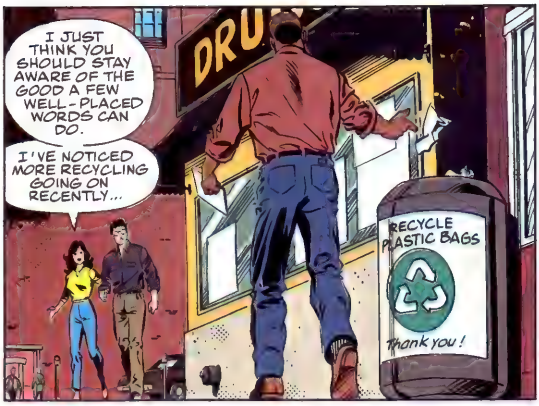

DR. AHMED MEHEDI OF THE UNIVERSITY OF ALEXANDRIA CREDITED SUPERMAN'S SURPRISE APPEARANCE WITH DRAWING ATTENTION TO THE WORK OF THE CONGRESS...
NEWS 2

"SUPERMAN'S SPEECH WAS AN INSPIRATION TO US ALL. HE GAVE US ANOTHER PERSPECTIVE ON THE PROBLEMS WE FACE.
"HERE IS A MAN WHO HAS JOURNEYED INTO THE DEPTHS OF SPACE... WHO HAS EXPERIENCED THE SCARCITY OF LIFE-SUSTAINING WORLDS IN THE UNIVERSE."
PLASTIC?
PLASTIC.

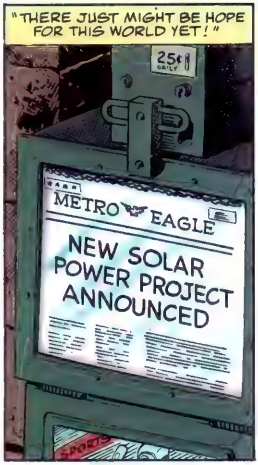
DR. MEHEDI WENT ON TO PRAISE SUPERMAN FOR--
;KLIK;
WELL! WAS THAT FOR THE SPEECH? OR FOR HELPING YOU SORT YOUR RECYCLABLES?
MAYBE FOR BOTH... NOT THAT I NEED A REASON!
BUT I AM PROUD OF YOU FOR GIVING THAT SPEECH.

THAT'S TWO VOTES--YOURS AND MEHEDI'S--BUT JUST HOW MUCH GOOD DID IT DO? AND WILL IT HAVE ANY LASTING EFFECT?
HARD TO SAY, BABE...
919
...I HOPE IT DOES. WE'LL KNOW IN TIME, WON'T WE?
MEANWHILE, I HAVE NOTICED SOME LOCAL EFFECTS.
SUCH AS?
THESE RECYCLING BINS! WE'VE BEEN AFTER THE LANDLORD TO INSTALL SOMETHING LIKE THIS FOR AGES.
THE DAY AFTER SUPERMAN'S SPEECH--!
COULD BE A COINCIDENCE.
COULD BE, BUT I DOUBT IT. MY LANDLORD'S A LOT CHEAPER THAN YOURS.
FACE IT, SUPERMAN HAS A LOT OF INFLUENCE ON THE WAY PEOPLE THINK.
HMM... ALL I REALLY WANT THEM TO DO IS THINK FOR THEMSELVES!
I DON'T WANT PEOPLE GETTING THE IDEA THAT I HAVE THE ANSWERS TO EVERYTHING... ESPECIALLY SINCE I DON'T!
THAT'S ONE REASON WHY SUPERMAN KEEPS HIS PUBLIC SPEAKING TO A MINIMUM.
ONE WAY
I SEE YOUR POINT. OF COURSE, YOU REALIZE--

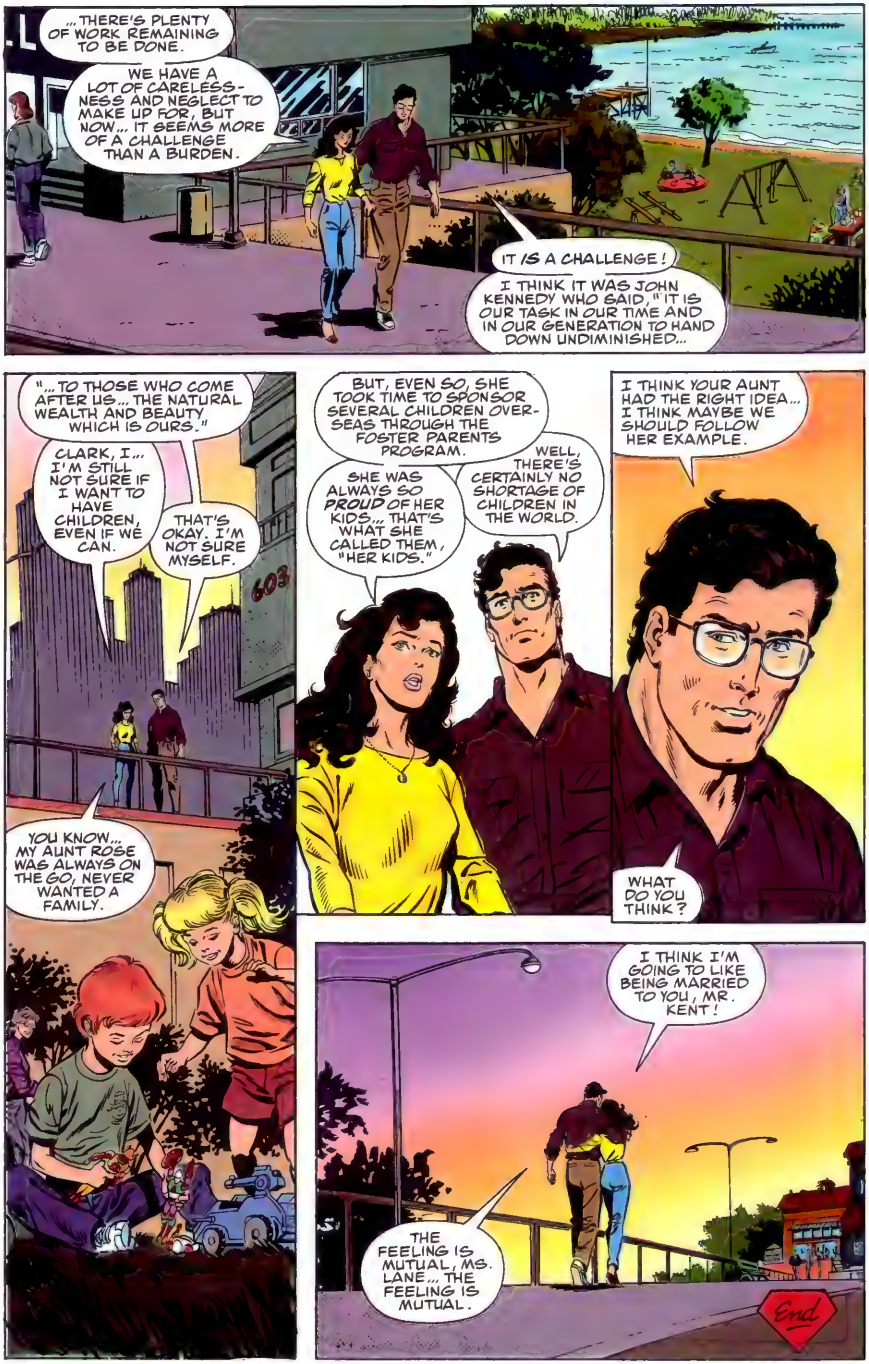
--PEOPLE PROBABLY PAY EVEN MORE ATTENTION JUST BECAUSE SUPERMAN'S SPEECHES ARE SO RARE!
WHAT, YOU THINK I SHOULD MAKE THEM MORE OFTEN?
NOT NECESSARILY.


I JUST THINK YOU SHOULD STAY AWARE OF THE GOOD A FEW WELL-PLACED WORDS CAN DO.
I'VE NOTICED MORE RECYCLING GOING ON RECENTLY...
RECYCLE PLASTIC BAGS
Thank you!

"... MORE STORES ENCOURAGING PEOPLE TO BRING THEIR OWN BAGS.
WORLD BAG


"THERE JUST MIGHT BE HOPE FOR THIS WORLD YET!"
25¢
METRO EAGLE
NEW SOLAR POWER PROJECT ANNOUNCED

HEY, IT'S ONLY A FEW BLOCKS! LET'S WALK IT AND SAVE SOME GAS!
IT IS A NICE DAY... OKAY!
NOW, IF ONLY PEOPLE WILL KEEP MAKING THE COMMITMENT...


...THERE'S PLENTY OF WORK REMAINING TO BE DONE.
WE HAVE A LOT OF CARELESSNESS AND NEGLECT TO MAKE UP FOR, BUT NOW... IT SEEMS MORE OF A CHALLENGE THAN A BURDEN.
IT IS A CHALLENGE!
I THINK IT WAS JOHN KENNEDY WHO SAID, "IT IS OUR TASK IN OUR TIME AND IN OUR GENERATION TO HAND DOWN UNDIMINISHED...
"...TO THOSE WHO COME AFTER US... THE NATURAL WEALTH AND BEAUTY WHICH IS OURS."
CLARK, I... I'M STILL NOT SURE IF I WANT TO HAVE CHILDREN, EVEN IF WE CAN.
THAT'S OKAY. I'M NOT SURE MYSELF.
603
YOU KNOW... MY AUNT ROSE WAS ALWAYS ON THE GO, NEVER WANTED A FAMILY.
BUT, EVEN SO, SHE TOOK TIME TO SPONSOR SEVERAL CHILDREN OVERSEAS THROUGH THE FOSTER PARENTS PROGRAM.
SHE WAS ALWAYS SO PROUD OF HER KIDS... THAT'S WHAT SHE CALLED THEM, "HER KIDS."
WELL, THERE'S CERTAINLY NO SHORTAGE OF CHILDREN IN THE WORLD.
I THINK YOUR AUNT HAD THE RIGHT IDEA... I THINK MAYBE WE SHOULD FOLLOW HER EXAMPLE.
WHAT DO YOU THINK?
I THINK I'M GOING TO LIKE BEING MARRIED TO YOU, MR. KENT!
THE FEELING IS MUTUAL, MS. LANE... THE FEELING IS MUTUAL.
End

*WHERE TO BEGIN?

"I COME FROM ANOTHER WORLD--AN ALTERED VERSION OF THIS EARTH THAT YOU KNOW--WHICH HAD BEEN CREATED BY A MYSTERIOUS COSMIC ENTITY.

"I MYSELF WAS BORN FULL-GROWN IN A LABORATORY... AN *ARTIFICIAL BEING* CREATED FROM SYNTHETIC PROTOMATTER, FORMED FROM THE *MOLECULAR MATRIX* OF A DYING WOMAN.

"I CARRIED HER MEMORIES IN THE EARLY DAYS OF MY LIFE. FOR A WHILE, I BELIEVED THAT I *WAS* HER.

"THOSE MEMORIES HAVE MOSTLY FADED, AND I CAN NOW RECALL MY FIRST TRUE MOMENT OF LIFE.

"I REMEMBER ...GREEN...

"...THE DEEP GREEN EYES OF MY *CREATOR.*"

IT WORKED... THANK GOD, IT *WORKED...*

...YOU'RE *ALIVE!*

MY *SUPERGIRL* LIVES!!

ROGER STERN – WRITER
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✳

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"OUR WORLD HAD ONLY KNOWN ONE SUPER-BEING OF ITS OWN ... A YOUNG DOPPELGANGER OF YOUR SUPER-MAN ... A SUPERBOY WHO HAD LEFT US FOR AN UNCERTAIN FUTURE.

"I HAD BEEN CREATED AND EMPOWERED OUT OF DIRECT NECESSITY, FOR WE HAD BEEN INVADED BY POWERFUL ALIEN TERRORISTS WHO SET OUT TO ELIMINATE ALL LIFE ON OUR WORLD.

"BUT, MY POWERS PROVED NO MATCH FOR THEIRS--

"--AND SO I WAS SENT TO YOUR REALITY, TO SEEK OUT AND ENLIST THE AID OF YOUR GREATEST HERO!

"IT WASN'T THE BEST OF MEETINGS. THE PROCESS BY WHICH I HAD COME TO YOUR WORLD HAD LEFT ME CONFUSED AND DISORIENTED...

"... AND THAT LED TO A BRIEF MISUNDERSTANDING BETWEEN MYSELF AND SUPERMAN.

"FORTUNATELY, WITH HIS HELP, I SOON REALIZED MY ERROR IN JUDGMENT--

"--AND, GAINING HIS SUPPORT, I ACTIVATED THE *DIMENSIONAL INTERFACE* WHICH TRANSPORTED US TO MY BELEAGUERED PLANET.

"SUPERMAN TOOK THE WHOLE PROCESS IN STRIDE...

"... THOUGH HE WAS SPEECH-LESS AT MEETING MY CREATOR."

SUPERMAN, THIS IS LEX LUTHOR.

"BUT HE DIDN'T HAVE MUCH TIME TO STAY SURPRISED.

"AFTER A QUICK BRIEFING, WE ENGAGED THE SUPER-TERRORISTS.

"I'M AFRAID THAT I DID NOT ACCOUNT FOR MYSELF VERY WELL.

"IN THE END, SUPERMAN STOOD AGAINST THEM ALONE...

"... BUT HE SAW TO IT THAT JUSTICE WAS DONE.

"WHEN HE FINALLY GATHERED ME UP, WE WERE ALL THAT REMAINED OF LIFE ON THAT WORLD..."

... HE BROUGHT ME BACK TO EARTH, AND SAW TO IT THAT I WAS NURSED BACK TO HEALTH.

MY PHYSICAL TRAUMAS HEALED MUCH EASIER THAN DID THOSE OF MY MIND.

I BECAME... UNCOMFOR-TABLE WITH MY LIFE, AND LEFT EARTH FOR THE STARS.

EVENTUALLY, I REALIZED THAT MY RUNNING AWAY WAS POINTLESS... THAT I MUST LEARN TO ACCEPT WHAT I AM.

I'M SO GLAD YOU STOPPED RUNNING, LOVE. YOU DON'T KNOW HOW HAPPY YOUR RETURN TO EARTH HAS MADE ME.

I NEVER WOULD HAVE LEFT, IF I HAD KNOWN *YOU* WERE HERE--

"...IN LOVE AND WAR!"

--MY DARLING LEX!

I STILL BLUSH AT HOW I MISTOOK YOU FOR MY CREATOR WHEN WE MET*... BUT YOU ARE THE VERY IMAGE OF HIM!

CAN YOU EVER FORGIVE ME--?

DON'T FRET, LOVE--

--I COULD HARDLY BE JEALOUS OF ANOTHER VERSION OF MYSELF, NOW COULD I? NO, I'LL BE FOREVER GRATEFUL TO THAT OTHER LUTHOR...

...AFTER ALL, THROUGH HIS GENIUS, I HAVE FOUND MY *HEART'S DESIRE!*

*LAST ISSUE.

I MUST CONFESS, THOUGH, THAT I AM INTRIGUED BY THIS POCKET UNIVERSE YOU DESCRIBED--

--AND THE VERY IDEA THAT IN IT ONCE EXISTED AN ALTERNATE VERSION OF MYSELF... OR RATHER, OF MY LATE FATHER.

YOUR FATHER... YES.

WHAT IS IT, DEAR ONE? WHAT'S WRONG?

I MET YOUR FATHER ONCE, WHEN I FIRST CAME TO EARTH. FORGIVE ME, BUT I DID NOT LIKE HIM. HE STRUCK ME AS MEAN-SPIRITED AND COLD.

AND FROM WHAT SUPERMAN TOLD ME, HE WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR KIDNAPPINGS AND TORTURE.

HE WAS A COMPLICATED MAN, SUPERGIRL. HE HAD MANY SIDES...

...I DON'T PRETEND TO UNDERSTAND THEM ALL. AT ANY RATE, HE IS NO LONGER HERE--

--I HAVE INHERITED HIS PLACE IN THE WORLD... AND I AM NOT COLD, AM I?

MMM, NOT AT ALL!

LOVE? DO THAT TRICK FOR ME AGAIN...

...THE ONE WITH YOUR POWERS.

ANOTHER DEMONSTRATION, LEX? WHAT SHALL I DO--

--DISAPPEAR FOR YOU?

WHAT? NO, I MEANT--!

WHOOOAAH!

OR WOULD YOU LIKE TO LEARN HOW IT FEELS TO FLY?

ALL RIGHT! ENOUGH!

SHOW YOURSELF! PUT ME DOWN!!

HEE-HEEH! IN THAT ORDER? YOUR WISH IS MY COMMAND!

VERY FUNNY.

WELL, YOU ASKED TO SEE A TRICK!

WHAT I MEANT WAS THAT... *THING* YOU DO WITH YOUR APPEARANCE!

MY *SHAPE-SHIFTING*? WHAT SHALL I BECOME...

...IS THIS TOO FORMAL?

PERHAPS YOU'D PREFER--

OR HOW ABOUT--

--THIS?

♪ SAW HER ON THE CAB-LE JUST THE OTHER NI-HIGHT! ♫

AH DECLARE, AH CAN BE JUST ABOUT ANY OL' THANG...

--SOMEONE A LITTLE MORE EARTHY?

...WITH SOME EFFORT, I CAN EVEN INCREASE MY VOLUME, BUT THAT CAN BE *QUITE* PAINFUL. I FELT A LITTLE SILLY IN SOME OF THOSE SHAPES...

...*THIS* IS THE FORM I'M HAPPIEST WITH. I HOPE YOU ARE, TOO.

UH...*YES!* YES, OF COURSE.

BUT HOW DO YOU ALTER YOUR *CLOTHING* THAT WAY?

OH... I GUESS I SORT OF GIVE ITS MOLECULES A PUSH IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION!

WHY?

JUST CURIOUS, LOVE.

I WANT TO KNOW ALL THAT THERE IS TO KNOW ABOUT YOU!

EVIDENTLY SOME SORT OF PSYCHOKINETIC PHENOMENON... NO DOUBT UNIQUE TO HER. JUST AS WELL, OF COURSE... IF THAT ABILITY COULD BE DUPLICATED--

"--IT WOULD WRECK THE GARMENT INDUSTRY!"

BUT, LOIS-- KNICKERS--?!

THEY *FEEL* GREAT, CLARK. COMFORTABLE CLOTHES SHOULD ALWAYS BE IN STYLE!

BESIDES, THEY WERE A THRIFT STORE SPECIAL!

YOU THINK THEY'RE NOT THE RIGHT LOOK FOR ME?

BABE, THERE IS NO WRONG LOOK FOR YOU!

FLATTERER!

C'MON, LET'S GET TO WORK!

EDITORIAL

OH, LOIS, A RAY MOSSBACH CALLED... SAID HE WAS RETURNING YOUR CALL. HE LEFT A NUMBER--IT'S ON YOUR DESK!

THANKS, ALLIE!

MOSSBACH--?

MY LEXCORP CONTACT. I MET HIM DURING THAT DUST-UP WITH THE TERRA-MAN AT HELLSGATE*-- REMEMBER?

*SUPERMAN #52.

OH, YES. AND WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT?

JUST MAKING A FEW INQUIRIES. I'VE BEEN HEARING SOME INTERESTING RUMORS ABOUT THE YOUNG MR. LUTHOR'S INTEREST IN THE FEMALE SEX.

IT'S SOUNDING AS IF HE TAKES AFTER HIS LATE FATHER IN THAT RESPECT.

BUT HE'S BARELY TWENTY-ONE!

UH-HUH! JUST ABOUT THE AGE WHEN THE OLD MAN STARTED MAKING *HIS* CONQUESTS!

WELL, BE CAREFUL, HON.

GOOD MORNING, CAT.

'MORNING, CLARKIE... LOIS.

WHAT'S ALL THIS ABOUT CONQUESTS? WHOSE CONQUESTS?!

ALEXANDER THE GREAT'S, WHO ELSE?

WHAT BRINGS YOU IN SO BRIGHT AND EARLY, CATHERINE?

'NEEDED TO HAND MY COLUMN IN A LITTLE AHEAD OF DEADLINE, SO I COULD SPEND THE AFTERNOON AT WGBS WITH MY CAMERA CREW!

HAVEN'T YOU HEARD--?

LEX LUTHOR THE 2ND CAUGHT MY *NEWSMAKER* PROFILE ON HIM AND ENJOYED IT SO MUCH, THAT HE'S GRANTED ME A PERSONAL INTERVIEW!

WE'RE BROADCASTING *LIVE* FROM HIS COUNTRY ESTATE TOMORROW!

BUT... LEXCORP OWNS WLEX! WHY GIVE AN INTERVIEW TO HIS BIGGEST BROADCAST COMPETITOR?

ISN'T IT *OBVIOUS*? IT'S *ME* HE'S INTERESTED IN!

WELL, WATCH YOUR STEP, CAT. YOU NEVER KNOW WHEN--!

HEY, EVERYBODY!

SAY, WHAT'S WITH OL' FOSWELL?

SAM FOSWELL? NOTHING AS FAR AS I KNOW, JIMMY. WHY?

I JUST PASSED HIM OUT BY THE ELEVATORS, AND HE WAS SWEATING BULLETS!

TOO BAD HE COULDN'T DODGE A FEW!

JIMMY!

SORRY, MS. LANE, BUT THE JERK DID *FIRE* ME ONCE...

"... I CAN'T HELP BUT WISH THAT HE WOULD CATCH SOME OF THE GRIEF I DID!"

YOU ... YOU'RE KIDDING ME, MR. LING ... AREN'T YOU?

I'D HARDLY JOKE ABOUT SUCH A MATTER, FOSWELL. BELIEVE ME, THIS IS THE PART OF BEING A PUBLISHER WHICH I HATE THE MOST.

I WISH THERE WERE ANOTHER WAY... YOU DID GOOD WORK ON THE NATIONAL NEWS DESK...

... BUT WE HAVE TO LET YOU GO.

YOU MUST REALIZE THE MESS YOU MADE OF THINGS, ACTING AS MANAGING EDITOR DURING PERRY WHITE'S ABSENCE.

THE FIRINGS... AND THE EDITORIALS YOU WROTE DURING THE STRIKE... STIRRED UP ILL FEELINGS THAT WILL LAST FOR YEARS!

SIR, I WAS UNDER MANAGEMENT DIRECTIVES TO TRIM THE FAT.

BESIDES, I'VE BEEN BACK AT THE NATIONAL DESK FOR WEEKS--

--WHY AM I BEING FIRED NOW?!

WE'RE MERGING NATIONAL NEWS WITH THE D.C. BUREAU, SAM...

... WE CAN'T KEEP YOU ANY LONGER. YOU'RE A SORE POINT WITH TOO MANY PEOPLE.

B-BUT THIS NEWSPAPER'S BEEN MY *LIFE!*

LY PL

DAILY PLANET --*UNFAIR!*

DAILY PLANET--*UNFAIR!*

NOW WHAT?

KEEP THE CHANGE.

WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT? WHAT IS IT WE'RE SUPPOSED TO HAVE DONE?

UNF

S

WELL, WELL ... MR. PERRY WHITE.

IT'S NOT WHAT YOU'VE DONE... IT'S WHAT YOU *HAVEN'T* DONE!

WE'RE HERE TO PROTEST THE LACK OF MINORITY HIRING AT THIS NEWSPAPER!

EH? YOU CAN'T BE SERIOUS!

THE *DAILY PLANET* WAS ONE OF THE FIRST NEWSPAPERS TO AGGRESSIVELY *RECRUIT* WOMEN AND PEOPLE OF COLOR!

OUR MINORITY INTERNSHIP PROGRAM WAS ONE OF THE FIRST! GREAT CAESAR'S GHOST, OUR C.E.O. IS ASIAN-AMERICAN!

OH, YEAH? WELL, YOU HAVEN'T BEEN HIRING ANY MINORITIES *LATELY!*

OH, NO!

THE CITY'S ECONOMIC STATE HAS THROWN EVERYONE FOR A LOOP! WE HAVEN'T BEEN HIRING *ANYONE* LATELY!

NO? WHAT ABOUT THAT PHOTOGRAPHER YOU HIRED LAST WEEK?

JIMMY OLSEN WAS RE-HIRED AFTER A LAYOFF. THAT WAS A COMPLETELY DIFFERENT CASE!

BULL--!

IF PERRY WHITE SAYS IT, IT'S NO BULL, ROBERTA! YOU'RE 'WAY OFF BASE ON THIS ONE!

RON? LISTEN--!

NO, *YOU* LISTEN, SISTER DEAR!

THE *PLANET'S* SUPPORTED CIVIL RIGHTS LONGER THAN WE'VE BEEN ALIVE... AND THEY'VE ALWAYS PUT THEIR MONEY WHERE THEIR MOUTH IS!

THANKS, SON, BUT... SAY, DON'T I KNOW YOU?

I HARDLY THINK SO, SIR. WE MET ONCE WHEN YOU SPOKE AT HOWARD UNIVERSITY, BUT--!

I REMEMBER --RONALD TROUPE! YOU'RE WORKING AT *NEWSTIME* NOW, RIGHT?

UH... YES.

HEARD GOOD THINGS ABOUT YOU, SON.

ANYWAY, DON'T BE TOO HARD ON YOUR SISTER. *EVERY* ESTABLISHMENT NEEDS TO BE QUESTIONED NOW AND THEN.

HE REMEMBERED ME. PERRY WHITE KNOWS WHO I AM. WOW...

35 HOURS LATER...

I SAID--

--GIVE ME THE GUN!

PTING

TING

TANG

O-OKAY... IT'S YOURS!

DON'T HIT ME.

ATM

CASH BOX

AND I SUGGEST YOU DROP THE PRY-BAR...

...I'M SURE THAT POLICE OFFICER WILL INSIST UPON IT!

HEY, YOU--!

I'M DROPPING IT! I'M DROPPING IT!!

IMAGINE, TRYING TO BREAK OPEN A CASH MACHINE WITH A PRY-BAR! I'M GLAD I SPOTTED THAT HALFWIT BEFORE HE GOT HIMSELF OR SOMEONE ELSE SHOT.

NOW I HAVE TO POUR IT ON, OR I'LL BE LATE!

AH, LOIS LEFT HER BALCONY DOOR OPEN FOR ME.

THAT MAKES IT MUCH EASIER--

--FOR ME TO ENTER WITH-OUT BEING SEEN.

LOIS--?

I'M IN THE KITCHEN!

I GOTCHA-GOTCHA-GOTCHA!

CLARK! S-S-STOP! I'M T-TICKLISH THERE!

SORRY, HON. I HAVEN'T LEARNED ALL YOUR TICKLISH SPOTS YET...

...AFTER ALL, WE'VE BEEN ENGAGED ONLY A FEW MONTHS!

MMM, YOU SMELL GOOD, MS. LANE... TASTE GOOD, TOO.

CARE FOR SOME POP-CORN WITH THAT EAR, MR. KENT?

I GET POPCORN, TOO? YOU SURELY KNOW HOW TO SHOW A FELLA A GOOD TIME, MA'AM.

WELL, I THOUGHT A SNACK WAS IN ORDER... SINCE WE'RE WAIT-ING DINNER UNTIL AFTER CAT'S SHOW.

...WITH THIS SPECIAL EDITION OF NEWSMAKERS--

--HERE'S CATHERINE GRANT!

HELLO, EVERYONE! WE'RE COMING TO YOU LIVE FROM BAY ISLAND, HOME TO THE FABULOUS ESTATE BUILT BY LEX LUTHOR THE FIRST...

...AND NOW PRESIDED OVER BY OUR HOST... LEX LUTHOR THE SECOND!

GOOD EVENING, MS. GRANT.

MR. LUTHOR, CAMERAS HAVE RARELY BEEN ALLOWED ON THE ESTATE GROUNDS AND NEVER INSIDE. WHAT MADE YOU DECIDE TO LET US IN?

...IT'S ALL RATHER NEW TO ME, AS WELL. I THOUGHT WE MIGHT EXPLORE THE HOUSE TOGETHER.

WELL, MS. GRANT, I UNDER-STAND HOW CURIOUS EVERY-ONE HAS BEEN ABOUT THE PLACE...

MAYBE THOSE RUMORS OF JUNIOR'S WOMANIZING WERE JUST THAT. CAT'S BEEN GIVING LEXIE HER MOST SOULFUL LOOK, BUT HE HARDLY SEEMS INTERESTED.

OF COURSE, HE DOES KNOW THAT HE'S ON TV...

REALLY, LOIS, DO YOU THINK--?

BUT I ALSO WANTED TO TAKE THIS OPPORTUNITY TO INTRODUCE YOUR VIEWERS TO SOME-ONE WHO MEANS A GREAT DEAL TO ME.

OMIGOD. I DON'T BELIEVE IT.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, MAY I PRESENT...

"...SUPERGIRL!"

SUPERGIRL?!

HOW DO YOU DO, MS. GRANT? HELLO, EVERYONE!

WHAT ON EARTH?! CLARK, DO YOU KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT THIS?

ABOUT SUPERGIRL, YES... BUT AS TO WHAT SHE'S DOING THERE, NO!

...SO, TOO, DID THIS LOVELY YOUNG LADY COME TO US... THE SOLE SURVIVOR OF A DYING WORLD...

...A WORLD SO MUCH LIKE OUR OWN.

YES, JUST AS SUPERMAN CAME TO EARTH FROM ANOTHER PLANET...

A PARALLEL WORLD... SHE WAS CREATED IN HOMAGE TO A DOPPELGANGER OF ME.

SHE SEEMS... QUITE TAKEN WITH LUTHOR.

SHE CAME TO US A STRANGER. BUT SHE WON'T BE A STRANGER MUCH LONGER. I AM HONORED TO ANNOUNCE--

--THAT SUPERGIRL HAS DECIDED TO PUT HER AMAZING POWERS TO GOOD USE AS A MEMBER OF THE LEXCORP FAMILY!

SHE LIVED FOR A WHILE WITH MA AND PA. SHE KNOWS THAT I'M SUPERMAN.

THIS COULD BE BAD...

"... THIS COULD BE VERY BAD!"

THANK GOODNESS THAT'S OVER! I THOUGHT THOSE TELEVISION PEOPLE WOULD NEVER LEAVE!

THAT GRANT WOMAN HAD SO MANY QUESTIONS--!

SHE WAS JUST DOING HER JOB, LOVE. AND YOU HANDLED YOURSELF VERY WELL...

...I'M QUITE PROUD OF YOU!

ARE YOU REALLY?

AHEM!

SUPERMAN! HOW GOOD TO SEE YOU AGAIN!

I BELIEVE YOU'VE ALREADY MET THIS YOUNG LADY?

YES, I HAVE.

IF YOU DON'T MIND, I'D LIKE TO SPEAK WITH SUPERGIRL...

...ALONE.

WHY SHOULD I *MIND*? I'LL RETIRE TO THE MAIN HOUSE--

--AND YOU TWO CAN HAVE A NICE CHAT OUT HERE.

THAT WON'T BE NECESSARY. SUPERGIRL, WILL YOU JOIN ME IN THE AIR?

SURE.

I'LL BE BACK SOON, LEX.

YES... PLEASE. SEE THAT YOU ARE.

...ANYWAY, I'M SORRY I WASN'T AROUND TO HELP WHEN THAT *ENERGY CLOUD* THREATENED THE CITY--*

--BUT I WAS STILL RECUPERATING FROM THE CRASH OF THE SHIP THAT BROUGHT ME BACK TO EARTH.**

SO... WHAT IS IT THAT *YOU* WANTED TO TALK ABOUT, SUPERMAN?

AND WHERE ARE WE GOING? IS THERE SOME NEW MENACE THAT YOU NEED MY HELP AGAINST?

UH... NO, SUPERGIRL... I JUST WANTED TO GET YOU FAR ENOUGH AWAY FROM LUTHOR'S ESTATE THAT WE COULD TALK IN PRIVATE--

--AWAY FROM ANY LISTENING DEVICES.

* IN SUPERMAN #67.
** AS RECOUNTED LAST ISSUE.

LISTENING DEVICES?! LEX WOULD NEVER USE SUCH THINGS!

OH, DON'T BE SILLY! LEX IS THE KINDEST, MOST WONDERFUL MAN--!

ONLY THAT YOU SHOULD... BE CAREFUL ABOUT ENTERING INTO ANY... RELATIONSHIPS WITH LUTHOR.

I'M NOT SAYING HE WOULD... BUT HIS FATHER PROBABLY HAD THAT WHOLE ISLAND BUGGED.

SO JUST WHAT ARE YOU SAYING?

I KNOW... THAT'S BEEN THE GENERAL IMPRESSION. AND HE MIGHT WELL BE EVERYTHING HE SEEMS.

BUT HOW MUCH DO ANY OF US *REALLY* KNOW ABOUT HIM? HIS FATHER HID A LOT BEHIND A BENEVOLENT PUBLIC FACE--!

*%#!! THEY WERE OUT OF RANGE WITHIN SECONDS!

YOU *HEARD* ME! I WANT THAT 'COPTER HERE *NOW*!

WHY, SUPERMAN... ARE YOU... *JEALOUS?*

WHAT?! NO, OF COURSE NOT! IT'S NOTHING LIKE THAT AT ALL! I JUST DON'T WANT TO SEE YOU HURT.

AND YOU SHOULD ALWAYS BE CAREFUL OF WHAT YOU CONFIDE IN HIM. I... WAS WONDERING...

... WHAT HAVE YOU TOLD HIM ... ABOUT YOU AND ME?

IS THAT WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT? YOU'RE WORRIED THAT I MIGHT HAVE TOLD SOMEONE ABOUT YOUR *DOUBLE LIFE?*

HOW COULD YOU EVEN *THINK* SUCH A THING?!

WELL, YOU NEEDN'T WORRY! I'VE KEPT YOUR PRECIOUS SECRET...

... NO ONE WILL EVER LEARN IT FROM ME! NO ONE!

YOU'RE A FINE ONE TO TALK! YOU LET BRAINIAC TRICK YOU INTO FIGHTING HIM ON WARWORLD--*ON HIS TERMS!* *

IF *YOU'D* BEEN MORE CAREFUL, POOR DRAAGA MIGHT STILL BE *ALIVE!*

IT HAS *EVERYTHING* TO DO WITH THIS! WE *WERE* DISCUSSING JUDGMENTAL ERRORS, WEREN'T WE?

LOOK, YOUNG LADY, MY MA AND PA WORKED THEIR HEADS OFF, TRYING TO INSTILL SOME COMMON SENSE IN YOU!

I'M SORRY THAT I DOUBTED YOU... BUT PEOPLE'S LIVES COULD BE IN JEOPARDY IF THE WORLD KNEW I HAD A SECRET IDENTITY.

WE HAVE TO BE *CAREFUL!* ONE ERROR IN JUDGMENT AND--!

DON'T CHANGE THE SUBJECT! THAT HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH THIS!

DIDN'T *ANY* OF THAT SINK IN?

OR IS YOUR MIND STILL *ADDLED FROM YOUR* RUN-IN WITH BRAINIAC?!

* IN OUR RECENT "PANIC IN THE SKY" STORYLINE.

TOOM

HOW DARE YOU--?!!

WHA-

OH, NO.

THERE SHE IS, MR. L!

WHAT HAVE I DONE?

HOO-EEE! SHE BLASTED SUPERMAN CLEAR TO THE HELLSGATE LANDFILL!

FOLLOW HER!

I'LL SALVAGE SOMETHING FROM THIS.

WHAT'S SHE DOING NOW--

"--GOING IN FOR THE KILL?"

HE FELL TO EARTH SOMEWHERE AROUND HERE.

NOW'S THE TIME WHEN I WISH I HAD HIS X-RAY VISION. I HOPE I DIDN'T HURT HIM.

THIS CRATER LOOKS NEW... BUT THERE'S NO SIGN OF HIM DOWN THERE... UNLESS... THE SIDES HAVE FALLEN IN AND BURIED HIM.

SUPER-MAN?

!

OH--!

UUNNGH!

SHTOOM

GET BACK!

THAT DOES IT!

I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF THIS NONSENSE--!

THOOM!

UH-OH... HE'S MAD!
REALLY, REALLY MAD!
I'VE NEVER SEEN HIM LIKE THIS BEFORE.
NOW WHAT'LL I--?
YOW!
DON'T WORRY. I'VE GOT YOU!
LET ME GO!
I WILL--JUST AS SOON AS YOU PROMISE TO LISTEN AND STOP PSI-BLASTING ME ACROSS THE LANDSCAPE!
YOU STARTLED ME! I DIDN'T MEAN TO--!
EH?
WUP WUP WUP
WUP WUP WUP WUP
HERE NOW! LET'S HAVE NO MORE OF THIS KNUCKLING EACH OTHER ABOUT!
LEX--?

HOW DID YOU FIND US?

WASN'T HARD, THE TRAIL YOU BLAZED ACROSS THE SKY... AND I *DO* MEAN *BLAZED!*

WHAT IN HADES GOT INTO YOU TWO? YOU SHOULD BE SHINING EXAMPLES TO THIS CITY... TO THE *WORLD!*

Krro

AND HERE I FIND YOU TEARING INTO EACH OTHER LIKE A PAIR OF BLOODY *DINGOES!*

WE... UH... WERE HAVING A DIFFERENCE OF OPINION AND... I GUESS... THINGS JUST GOT OUT OF HAND.

IT SHOULDN'T HAVE HAPPENED. IT SHOULD *NEVER* HAVE HAPPENED.

THIS IS VERY EMBARRASSING.

I SHOULD THINK SO!

I TELL YA, YOUR FIGHT MAY HAVE BEEN SHORT--BUT IT SURE WAS SWEET! GOT IT ALL ON TAPE!

WLEX

HAND IT OVER!

SIR--?

THE TAPE WILL NOT BE AIRED, AND YOU WILL SPEAK TO NO ONE OF THIS--*IF* YOU WISH TO KEEP YOUR JOB!

YES, SIR.

I FEEL *TERRIBLE* ABOUT THIS. IT WAS ALL *MY* FAULT. I THREW THE FIRST BLOW.

WLEX

YOU ARE NO MORE TO BLAME THAN I AM, SUPERGIRL. I NEVER SHOULD HAVE LET THE ARGUMENT ESCALATE.

IT DOESN'T MATTER WHO STARTED WHAT-- IT'S OVER NOW.

AS LONG AS THIS TAPE STAYS IN MY POSSESSION, YOU'LL NOT FACE ANY PUBLIC HUMILIATION.

C'MON LOVE, LET'S SHOVE OFF!

I JUST HOPE YOU'VE *BOTH* LEARNED SOMETHING FROM THIS...

"...YOU ESPECIALLY, SUPERMAN."

I FELT LIKE A COMPLETE *IDIOT!*

THE LAST TIME I GOT INTO A FIGHT LIKE THAT, I WAS SIX YEARS OLD...

...BEFORE MY POWERS HAD REALLY DEVELOPED. I GOT INTO A SHOVING MATCH WITH STEVE DAVIS AFTER HE CALLED ME A FARMBOY. THE PRINCIPAL FINALLY SEPARATED US, AND--!

:Heh:

:Heh-heh:

LOIS!

I'M SORRY, BUT THE THOUGHT OF YOU ROLLING AROUND ON A PLAY-GROUND--

--DEFENDING YOUR HONOR, IS JUST TOO FUNNY!

WELL, THERE'S NOTHING FUNNY ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED *TODAY!* I USUALLY HOLD MY TEMPER PRETTY WELL. WITH MY KIND OF POWER, I *HAVE* TO!

I NEVER SHOULD HAVE LET THAT ARGUMENT BUILD THE WAY IT DID. IT'S JUST THAT SUPERGIRL IS STILL SUCH AN *INNOCENT!* SHE'S NOT AT ALL EXPERIENCED IN THE WAYS OF THE WORLD.

I KNOW THAT I CAME ACROSS LIKE A LECTURING OLDER BROTHER, BUT I COULDN'T HELP IT! IT BOTHERS ME... NO, IT *SCARES* ME THE WAY SHE HANGS ON LUTHOR'S EVERY WORD!

YOU THINK THAT HE'S TAKING ADVANTAGE OF HER.

I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO THINK. I HATE TO LET IDLE RUMORS CLOUD MY JUDGMENT OF ANYONE. LEX THE SECOND HAS DONE MANY ADMIRABLE THINGS... BUT *SO* DID LEX THE FIRST!

THE WAY HE ORDERED THAT CAMERAMAN AROUND REMINDED ME *TOO* MUCH OF THE *OLD* LUTHOR! AND WHEN HE "REASSURED" US ABOUT THE TAPE--

--I'D SWEAR THAT I HEARD AN IMPLIED THREAT. MAYBE I'M BEING PARANOID.

ABSOLUTELY NOT! IF HE HAD SINCERELY WANTED TO REASSURE YOU, HE'D HAVE DESTROYED THAT TAPE!

I THINK WE SHOULD KEEP A CLOSE WATCH ON THE YOUNG MR. LUTHOR--AND BE THERE TO HELP SUPERGIRL, IF SHE NEEDS US.

LOIS... YOU'RE SOMETHING SPECIAL, YOU KNOW THAT?

YOU KEEP GIVING ME NEW REASONS TO BE GLAD I ASKED YOU TO MARRY ME. I JUST DON'T--

--KNOW WHAT I'D DO WITHOUT YOU, LEX!

YOU'RE SO THOUGHTFUL, LEX.

I LOVE YOU SO VERY MUCH.

I FELT SO FOOLISH, LOSING MY TEMPER LIKE THAT! IF YOU HADN'T STEPPED IN TO PLAY PEACEMAKER--!

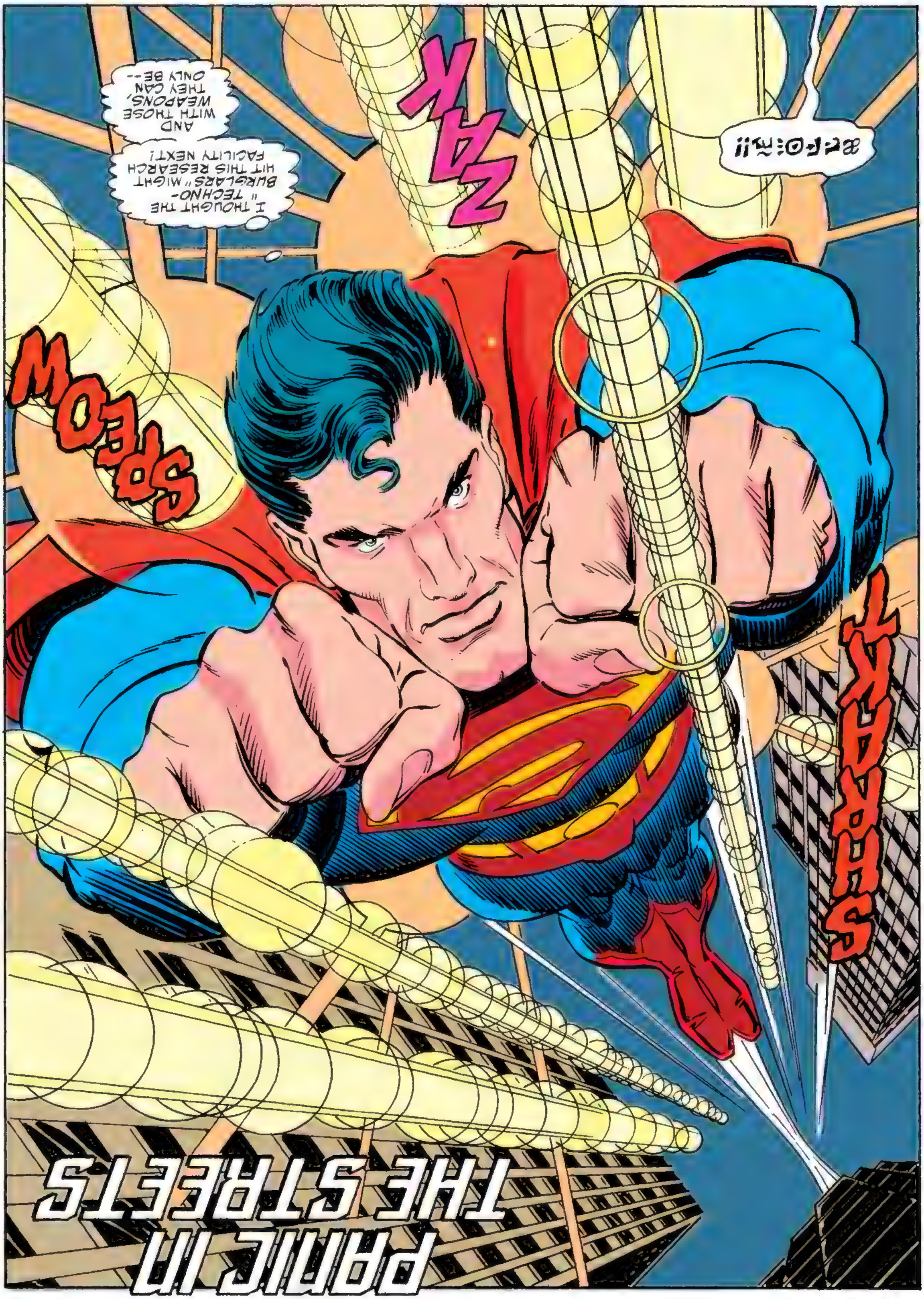
TUT-TUT! YOU MADE A SIMPLE, NATURAL MISTAKE. I WAS JUST LOOKING OUT FOR YOUR BEST INTERESTS!

I KNOW, DEAR.

I KNOW.

NEXT ISSUE: THE STORY YOU DEMANDED!!

THEY SAVED LUTHOR'S BRAIN!


ZZAK
I THOUGHT THE "TECHNO-BURGLARS" MIGHT HIT THIS RESEARCH FACILITY NEXT!
AND WITH THOSE WEAPONS, THEY CAN ONLY BE--
SPEEDS
SHARKS
PHILLIES
THE STREETS

"--WARWORLDERS!"

THE SWARM SKRAGGED THE WEAK AMONG US, SUPERMAN! BUT WE THREE LIVE TO TRASH YOUR WORLD!

<THE MOLECULAR DISRUPTORS HAVE NO EFFECT ON HIM!>

POW!

SKDROW!

SKREENG!

LOUISE SIMONSON STORY * JON BOGDANOVE LAYOUTS * HILARY BARTA FINISHES * BILL OAKLEY LETTERING * GLENN WHITMORE COLORING * DAN THORSLAND ASSISTANT EDITING * MIKE CARLIN EDITING

SUPERMAN CREATED BY JERRY SIEGEL AND JOE SHUSTER

<HURF!> <III...>

<...GGGOTS...>

<...HHHIMM!>

KROOM

<KRL'L!, NO! YOU'RE NOT STRONG ENOUGH TO TAKE HIM!>

<MO'AH--FIRE THE DISRUPTORS INTO THE LAB! THAT SHOULD DISTRACT SUPERMAN!>

BRAK ZOT

ZKKOW

HELP!

THEIR WEAPONS COLLAPSED THE ROOF!

THE SCIENTISTS ARE IN DANGER!

<HURF!> <CCOOME--> <--BACKKK!>

<LET HIM GO, KRL'L! HIS DEFECTION ENSURES THE SUCCESS OF OUR PLAN!>

TK-TK! <GRAB STUFF AND GO!> TK-TK!

<GOOD THINKING, MO'AH! IF I CAN SNIFF OUT TWO MORE ITEMS, THE DESTRUCTION OF METROPOLIS--->

"<-- WILL BE ENSURED!)"

...AND BY THE TIME I DUG THE SCIENTISTS OUT, THE WARWORLDERS WERE GONE!

IT SEEMS PRETTY CERTAIN *THEY'RE* THE ONES WHO'VE BEEN RIFLING METROPOLIS'S SCIENTIFIC ESTABLISHMENTS!

BUT *WHY?* WHAT DO THEY WANT?

SAY, MAYBE IT'S LIKE IN THE OLD FIFTIES *SCIENCE-FICTION* MOVIES.

MAYBE THEY'RE COLLECTING EQUIPMENT TO BUILD A *SHIP* TO TAKE THEM HOME.

SOMEHOW I SUSPECT A LESS *BENIGN* MOTIVE.

I JUST WISH I KNEW WHAT IT WAS.

WHY DON'T YOU GET A LIST OF WHAT'S BEEN STOLEN AND ASK *PROFESSOR HAMILTON?*

RRY WHITE
EDITOR

PERRY, DID YOU... SPEAK TO MR. LING...?

IF ANYONE MIGHT HAVE A CLUE, *HAM* PROBABLY DOES.

I DID. BUT LING WAS ADAMANT. HE WANTS A *SCAPEGOAT*, FOSWELL...

...SOMEONE THE *STOCKHOLDERS* CAN HOLD RESPONSIBLE FOR THE PLANET'S RECENT TROUBLES.

I'M AFRAID THAT'S *YOU*. HE WAS ADAMANT, OLD FRIEND...

YOU'LL *HAVE TO LEAVE* THE DAILY PLANET!

"YOU'RE LOOKING PALE, MILDRED!"

OF COURSE I'M PALE. I JUST GOT OUT OF THE HOSPITAL! I'M JUST *TIRED*, EMIL.

STILL... MAYBE YOU SHOULD SEE YOUR *DOCTOR*... JUST IN CASE.

I DON'T KNOW. WHAT *IS* IT ABOUT THAT DOCTOR? HE'S *NICE* ENOUGH... BUT SOMEHOW I FEEL LIKE...

WHAT DO YOU *MEAN*?

NOTHING. I'M TALKING *NONSENSE*.

ALL RIGHT, EMIL. I'LL CALL THE DOC. BUT I THINK...

...MAYBE IT'S *ME* WHO SHOULD WORRY ABOUT *YOU*.

THERE *HAS* BEEN A WAVE OF CRIMES AGAINST SCIENTIFIC ESTABLISHMENTS.

WELL, I DON'T KNOW IF I'D CALL MY LAB A SCIENTIFIC *ESTABLISHMENT* EXACTLY!

WHY, THERE'S NOTHING MUCH THERE ANYONE ELSE BUT ME WOULD *WANT*--

"--EXCEPT MAYBE MY *FORCE FIELD BELTS*, OR THE *ENERGY SIPHON* I'VE BEEN WORKING ON!"

DARN IT ALL, SUPERMAN IS ALWAYS AFTER ME TO STORE MY INVENTIONS SAFELY *ELSEWHERE*...

...BUT THE GUYS IN HOB'S BAY ARE MY *FRIENDS*. THEY WOULDN'T STEAL FROM *ME*--!

CRASH!

TK! TK-TK!

GIZMOTE

HEY-- DROP THAT!

POW!

WOOOOF!

POKK!

Hurf! LEAVE!

KRL'LI'S RIGHT! WE'VE GOT WHAT WE CAME FOR! NOW LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!

MY STUFF! THEY TOOK MY STUFF!

CAN'T LET THEM GET AWAY WITH IT!

Phone

THERE THEY GO-- DOWN THE SUBWAY GRATING!

GOT TO... GO AFTER THEM! :ugh!:

CAN'T SEE MUCH DOWN THERE!

RICKETY LADDER... SHOULD BE KEPT IN BETTER REPAIR--

YEIIII!

SLIPT!

SERVES ME RIGHT IF I BREAK MY FOOL NECK!

BECAUSE OF MY CARE-LESSNESS, METROPOLIS COULD BE...

... IN GRAVE DANGER:(

WHO IS IT?

DUNNO.

CLANG

"...'FORE SOMEBODY COMES DOWN HERE LOOKIN' FER HIM!"

PROFESSOR...?

PROFESSOR HAMILTON?!

DEAD OR ALIVE?

DUNNO.

HUMPH! BETTER CLOSE THE GRATE...

THIS PLACE HAS BEEN *RANSACKED* ...AND THERE'S NO SIGN OF *HAM*.

PROBABLY THE *WARWORLDERS*. HOW DID THEY LEARN ABOUT HAM'S LAB?

WAS HAMILTON *HERE* WHEN THEY CAME? DID THEY FORCE HIM TO GO *WITH* THEM?

I JUST HOPE HAM HASN'T GOTTEN *MIXED* UP--

"--IN SOMETHING DANGEROUS AGAIN!"

YO, HAMBONE!

PROFESSOR HAMILTON!

YOU 'MEMBER ME, DON'CHA?

GRUB... FROM CELL BLOCK THREE?

I... HEARD YOU WERE DEAD!

TAKE MORE THAN A SIX-INCH BLADE T'KILL OL' GRUB!

OUT ON PROBATION NOW! COULDN'T GET A JOB, SO HERE I AM!

WHO... WHO ARE THEY?

FRIENDS O' MINE. USETA BE EXPERIMENTS. ESCAPED FROM SOME FANCY LAB, FAR AS I CAN TELL.

THEY DON'T TALK TOO GOOD, SEE? WHAT WAS IT THEY CALLED THE PLACE? CADMAN?

CADMUS? THAT'S A GOVERNMENT LAB! I'VE WANTED TO LOOK AT IT FOR A WHILE, BUT WITH MY RECORD...

SAY, WHAT YOU DOIN' HERE, ANYWAY?

THREE... MONSTERS BROKE INTO MY LAB. STOLE SOME STUFF. I FOLLOWED THEM DOWN HERE.

BIG, UGLY DUDES? BEEN WATCHIN' 'EM TOTE STUFF INTO THE LOWER TUNNELS.

BUILDIN' SOMETHIN' BIG DOWN THERE.

WHAT?

NOT SURE, BUT I CAN SHOW YOU! HECK--

"--YOU GOTTA SEE THAT SUCKER TA BELIEVE IT!".

I BEEN WORKIN' FOR CADMUS FOR A WHILE NOW, AN' I DON'T KNOW WHEN I'VE HAD ANYTHING *CREEPIER* TO TRANSPORT TO STRYKER'S!

YOU SAID IT, RAY... I KNOW THAT METALLO THING'S JUST A *ROBOT* ...AWRIGHT, *HALF* A ROBOT...

...BUT IT *DOES* SEEM A LOT LIKE A *CORPSE!*

GRUNCH!

WHAT THE *HECK?!*

THE *ROOF!* SOME FLYING GUY RIPPED THE TOP OFF THE VAN LIKE IT WAS A *CAN OPENER!*

CADMUS SECURITY

HEY, WHAT'RE YOU *DOING?*

WHOEVER YOU ARE, YOU JUST LEFT MY BETTER *HALF* BACK ON THE TRUCK!

"WHAT'S *THIS--?*"

WHAT IS IT, HAMBONE? IT'S WHERE THE *MAN-MADE* TUNNELS STOP AND THE *CRUISER'S* TUNNELS BEGIN!

SEWERS AN' BASEMENTS AN' ACCESS TUNNELS UNDER THE CITY'RE *ALL* CONNECTED NOW...

...EVEN THOSE FANCY *CONSTRUCTION* TUNNELS LEADIN' TA CADMUS.

CRUISER'S HIDE EVEN GIVES OFF A WICKED GLOWIN' *SLIME* SO WE CAN SEE!

NO DOUBT HIGH IN PHOSPHORESCENT AND FLUORESCENT *COMPOUNDS*.

YOUR FRIENDS DON'T SEEM *TOO HAPPY* TO BE HERE, THOUGH.

THEY *AIN'T*. WE'RE GETTIN' NEAR THE CAVERN, AN' THEY'RE 'FRAID THE UGLY DUDES' EQUIPMENT'LL CALL THE CRUISER.

DON'T WANNA BE IN ITS *PATH* WHEN IT COMES.

BUT... WHO IS THE *CRUISER*?

AIN'T A WHO. MORE LIKE A *WHAT*. IT WAS SMALL ENOUGH IN THE BEGINNIN'... EASY TA *CONTROL*.

THEY USED IT TA BORE *TUNNELS*, BUT IT KEPT *EATIN'* AN' *GROWIN'*.

NOW THEY HAVE A *TIGER* BY THE TAIL, SO TA SPEAK...

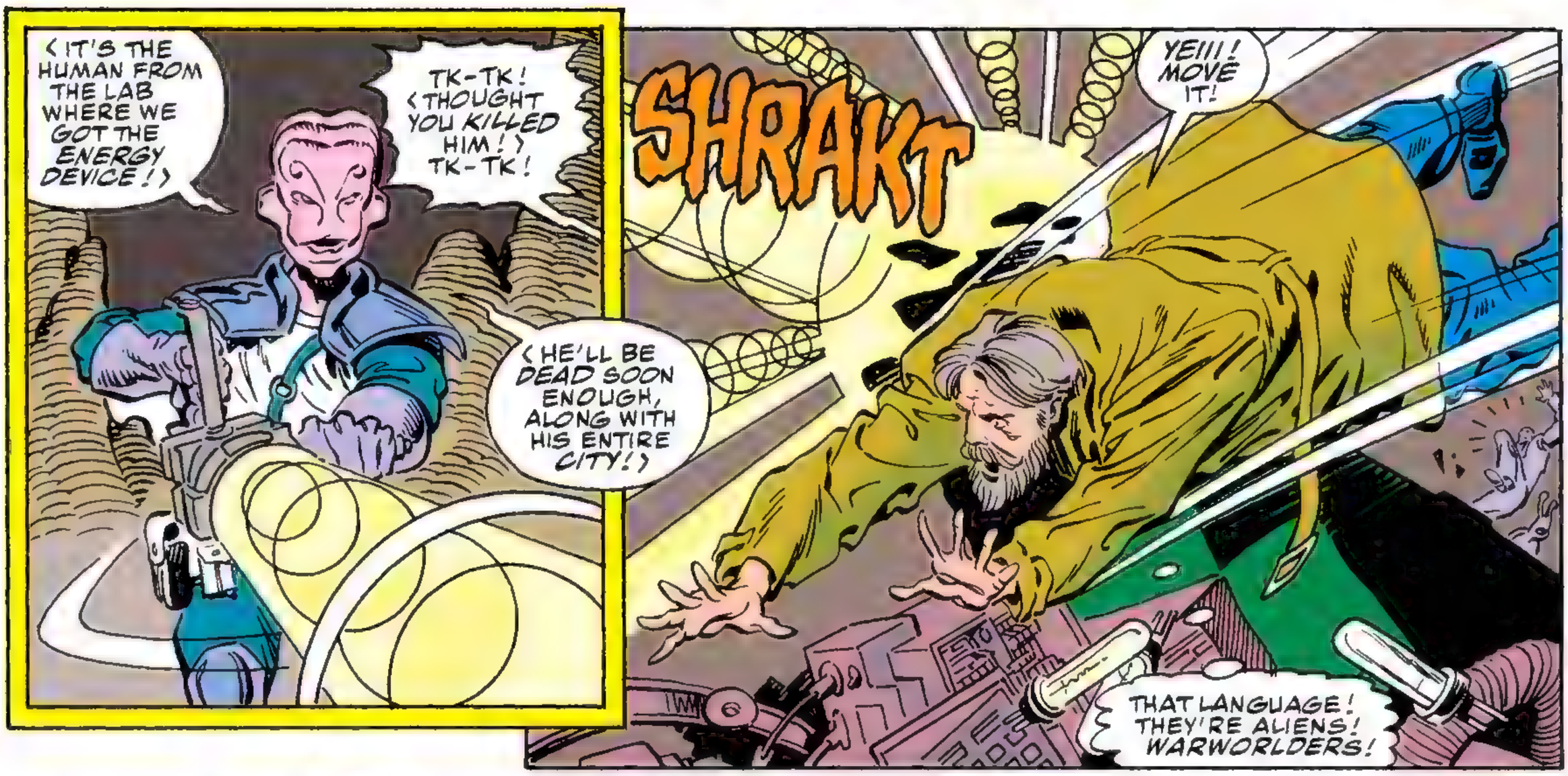
THERE!

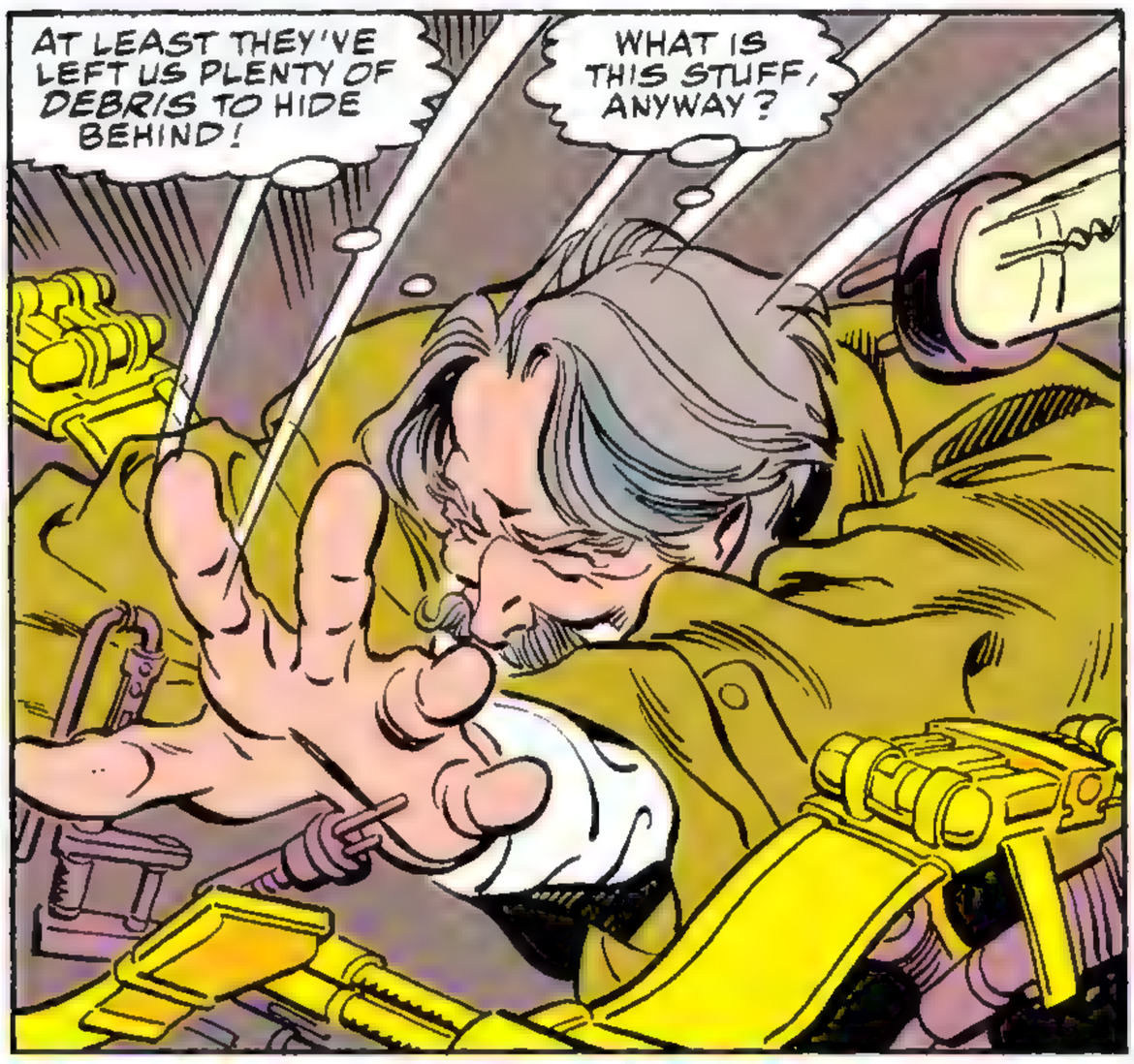
THEY *ARE* CONSTRUCTING SOMETHING... BUT *WHAT*?

A *BOMB*?

IF SO, IT'S LIKE NO BOMB I'VE EVER SEEN! LET'S GET A CLOSER LOOK.

HAMBONE, NO! THEY'RE *UP THERE!* THEY'RE WORKIN' ON IT *NOW!*


‹IT'S THE HUMAN FROM THE LAB WHERE WE GOT THE ENERGY DEVICE!›
TK-TK! ‹THOUGHT YOU KILLED HIM!› TK-TK!
‹HE'LL BE DEAD SOON ENOUGH, ALONG WITH HIS ENTIRE CITY!›
SHRAKT
YEIII! MOVE IT!
THAT LANGUAGE! THEY'RE ALIENS! WARWORLDERS!



TICK TICK TICK TICK TICK TICK TICK TIC

HEY, LOOK! MY FORCE-FIELD BELTS! BLOODY CROOKS SWIPED THEM, TOO!
SOMETHING'S TICKING! GRUB WAS RIGHT! IT IS A BOMB! THE BIGGEST BOMB I'VE EVER SEEN!

...WHEN WE GO IN TO DISARM THAT DEVICE!

DISARM?! LOOK, HAMBONE, I DON'T THINK YOU FULLY UNDERSTAND THE PROBLEM!

NOISE... HIGH-LOUD!

CALL... CRUISER!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

LITTLE BUTTON NEAR THE CLASP TURNS THE BELT ON! AND--

TICK TICK TICK TICK TICK TICK TIC

EUREKA! WE'RE SAVED! THANK GOD I JUST RECHARGED THE BATTERIES!

BATTERIES? WHAT--? HAMBONE!!

THAKA-BOOM!

DON'T WORRY, GRUB! THIS IS WHAT THE FORCE-BELTS ARE MADE FOR!

TICK TICK TICK TICK TICK TICK TIC

BUT, HAMBONE, WHATCHA NEED THAT THING FOR--?!

WHY... I'M GOING TO USE IT TO CALL SUPERMAN!

SKRIKKKK WHINNNE SKREEEE

EMIL HAMILTON, CALLING SUPERMAN! WE HAVE A SITUATION HERE...!

TRANSMITTER MUST'VE BEEN DAMAGED! I JUST HOPE HE CAN HEAR ME THROUGH THIS HIGH-PITCHED WHINE!

HAMBONE! MY MAIN MEN ARE GETTIN' A LITTLE ANTSY! I AIN'T SO SURE--

"--THAT WAS A GOOD IDEA!"

HERE, LOIS. THE *RESEARCH* YOU ASKED FOR.

THAT WAS *QUICK*, FRAN!

YEAH. I HAVE TO LEAVE EARLY. MY SON'S SCHOOL CALLED... FRANKIE'S *SICK*.

I'M PLEASED TO *MEET* YOU, MR. SANCHEZ.

CALL ME *RICKY* MR. KENT! I'LL BE ASSISTING MR. LING....

GREAT! HE CAN USE AN--

I HOPE IT'S NOTHING SERIOUS.

THEY SAID HE'S *PALE* AND *LISTLESS*. NO FEVER. PROBABLY JUST THE *FLU*.

FIGURES, RIGHT? I JUST HAD HIM AT THE DOCTOR'S LAST WEEK...

:SKREEEE: HELP :WHIIINNE: SUPERMAN :SQUAAWK:

IT'S PROFESSOR HAMILTON! BUT WHERE--?

EXCUSE ME!

THEY *SAID* MR. KENT DOES THAT! GETS THAT *LOOK* AND HE'S *OUTTA* HERE!

I *KNOW*, WHIT. "DON'T TAKE IT *PERSONALLY*!" 'CAUSE THOSE HUNCHES MAKE HIM--

"--ONE OF THE BEST THERE IS!"

〈THEY'RE CALLING SUPERMAN! KRL'LI, MO'AH--〉

HURF! 〈HEAR--〉

〈--YOU!〉

〈STOPP--〉

〈--THEMM--〉

〈--FASST!〉

SOMETHING TELLS ME I'D BETTER TURN UP THE VOLUME!

SKREEE WHIIINE SCKREAAK

HEY, SUPERMAN! HURRY!

YOU NUTS, MAN? I TOL' YOU... THEY LEAD THE CRUISER FROM PLACE TO PLACE BY SOUNDS LIKE THAT!

GROUND'S SHAKIN'! FEEL IT? GET OUTTA THE WAY, HAM-BONE! RUN!

TICK TICK TICK TICK TICK TICK TICK TICK TICK TICK

SKRAKSH

GOOD HEAVENS! THAT'S THE CRUISER?

〈FORGET THE EARTHLINGS! DESTROY THE MONSTER!〉

TK-TK! <FIRE!> TK-TK!

<NO! OUT OF HERE, ON THE DOUBLE! LET THE BOMB DESTROY THEM ALL!>

THE CRUISER IS DRAWN BY MY TRANSMITTER'S SCREECHES...

TICK TICK TICK TICK

...SO IF I SET IT AT MAXIMUM VOLUME AND ATTACH IT TO THE BOMB WE MAY HAVE A CHANCE!

GRUB! RUN LIKE BLAZES--AWAY FROM THE BOMB!

KRGRAROZH!

THE CRUISER'S GONNA DEVOUR IT!

HurrFF! (HELPPP!)

TK-TK! (KRL'LI SLIPPED!) TK-TK!

(I'LL GUARD YOU WHILE YOU HAUL HIM BACK!)

LOOK--IN ITS MOUTH! IT TOOK THE BAIT! IT SWALLOWED THE BOMB!

IT MAY BE INVULNERABLE ON THE OUTSIDE BUT ITS SOFT INNARDS WILL BE UN-PROTECTED!

THE EXPLOSION WILL BE CONTAINED, DEEP WITHIN THE EARTH, INSIDE OF THE CRUISER'S DENSE HIDE...

...AND THAT SHOULD LESSEN THE BOMB'S DESTRUCTION!

BAD NEWS, HAMBONE! THE CRUISER TURNED BACK TOWARD US--

"--PAST US... UP THROUGH THE ROOF!"

GREAT SCOTT!

SKRASHAMPF

Mookie and Leo

WHAT IS THAT BEAST? SOUNDS AS IF HAMILTON'S TRANSMITTER IS *INSIDE* IT!

THIS MUST BE WHAT HAMILTON WAS TRYING TO WARN ME OF!

TICK TICK TICK TICK TICK TICK T

WHATEVER IT IS... WHEREVER IT CAME FROM... I'VE GOT TO GET IT *OUT* OF METROPOLIS! BUT... *HOW?*

HOW CAN I GET A *PURCHASE* ON SOMETHING THIS SIZE? ONE OF ITS *TEETH*...?

LISTENING TO HAM'S SCREECHING *TRANSMITTER* IS BAD ENOUGH... BUT WHAT IS THAT ANNOYING *TICKING* SOUND?

SKREEEE WHIIINNE SKRRECHH

TICK TICK T

TK-TK! ‹LOOK, IT'S THE *SUPERMAN!*› TK-TK!

‹FIRE ON HIM! *DISTRACT* HIM FROM THE MON-STER!›

Hurrff! ‹WHYYY?›

‹THE OH-SO CLEVER SCIENTIST HAS PLAYED INTO *OUR* HANDS!›

‹THE BOMB WILL DO EVEN *MORE* DAMAGE TO METROPOLIS WHEN IT DETONATES HERE ON THE *SURFACE!*›

SKROEDW!

:UNFFF!:

ALIEN WEAPONS... *WARWORLDERS*--

KROOM!

<KEEP FIRING!>

<OUR LIVES DON'T MATTER! WHAT MATTERS IS OUR VENGEANCE AGAINST SUPERMAN AND HIS WORLD!>

TK-TK! <MAYBE I NOT HEAR YOU RIGHT? IF WE STAY HERE...THEN WE DIE, TOO!> TK-TK!

--ARE INVOLVED!

EDENS

Boulangerie

FRRZZAKK

SUPERMAN!

IT'S PROFESSOR HAMILTON!

THAT MONSTER... IT'S SWALLOWED A GIGANTIC ALIEN BOMB!

YOU'VE GOT TO GET UP! YOU'VE GOT TO GET IT OUT OF HERE!

UPTOWN MRT

F Q C

A BOMB?!?

HURF! (EARTH-SCUM--)

(--DIE!)

FRAAM!

HAMILTON! HOW MUCH TIME HAVE I GOT?

NOT MUCH-- I THINK!

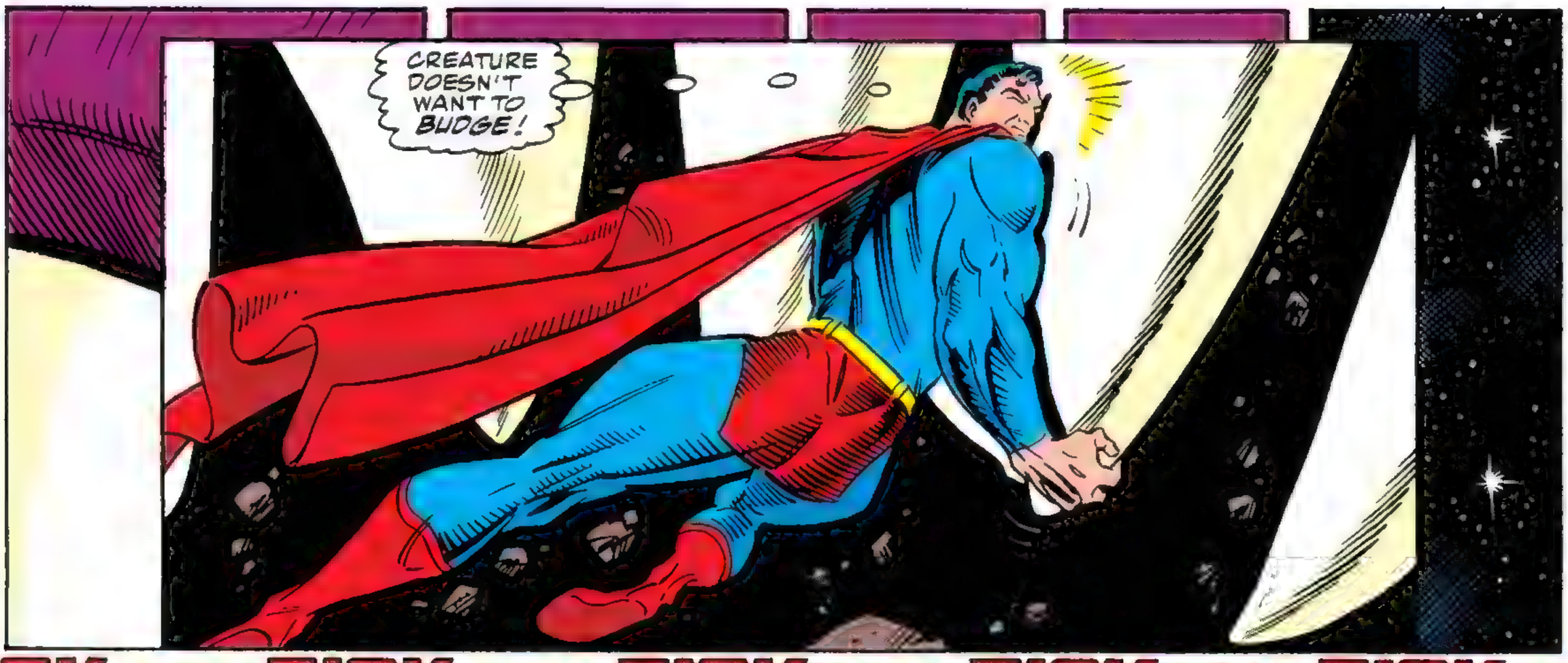
SWELL!

ENOUGH OF THAT!

SNAPT

KRAKT

TK-TK! (YEIII! DIDN'T SAY... HE HAVE HOT-VISION!) TK-TK!



TICK TICK TICK TICK TICK TICK TICK TICK TICK

BWAALHAAMPH!

THANKS FOR THE *WARNING*, PROFESSOR HAMILTON, BUT WHAT *WAS* THAT THING--

"--AND WHERE DID IT *COME* FROM?"

HOPE THERE AIN'T GONNA BE A *VENDETTA* AGAINST MY *UNDERWORLD* PALS! THE CRUISER WAS ONE OF A KIND.

MOST OF 'EM WOULDN'T *THINK* O' COMIN' THIS NEAR THE SURFACE! OH, A FEW OF 'EM LIKE THE SEWERS, BUT--

CONSIDERING THE CADMUS PRISONS THEY CAME FROM, EVEN *SEWERS* ARE AN IMPROVEMENT IN THEIR *LIFESTYLE!*

BUT FOR NOW THEY'VE *DIS-APPEARED* FROM THE UPPER LEVELS--

"--AS HAVE THE *WARWORLDERS!*"

〈MANY *REJECTS* LIVE IN SQUALOR BENEATH METROPOLIS! SOME ARE NOT EVEN *HUMAN!*〉

〈WE MUST TEACH THEM *TO RESENT* THE COMFORTS OF THE SURFACE DWELLERS...〉

〈...AND ENCOURAGE THEM TO *DESIRE* THOSE COMFORTS FOR THEM-SELVES!〉

TK-TK! 〈THEN WE FUSE INTO MIGHTY *ARMY* THAT WILL *TAKE* WHAT IT WANTS!〉

〈SOON *UNDERWORLD* BE OUR *REVENGE* ON SUPERMAN'S WORLD!〉 TK-TK!

NEXT ISSUE: **CERBERUS: *UNMASKED AT LAST!*** *BE THERE!*

HELLO, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THIS IS YOUR CAPTAIN SPEAKING.

THE GOOD FOLKS AT METROPOLIS CONTROL ARE GOING TO HOLD US ON THE TAXI WAY FOR A FEW MORE MINUTES--

LEXAIR

--UNTIL A GATE OPENS UP FOR US! AS SOON AS A PLANE LEAVES WE'LL BE THE FIRST IN LINE.

LEXAIR

WE'LL GET YOU OFF AND ON YOUR WAY AS SOON AS POSSIBLE. IN ORDER TO SPEED THINGS UP WE EVEN HAVE A GROUND CREW AT WORK UNLOADING YOUR BAGGAGE!

LEXAIR APOLOGIZES FOR THE INCONVENIENCE AND WISHES YOU A PLEASANT STAY HERE IN METROPOLIS.

CAREFUL, PEOPLE.

LEXAIR

I DON'T WANT ANY WEAPONS UNLOADED UNTIL WE'RE UNDER THE PLANE AND WELL OUT OF SIGHT OF THE PASSENGERS!

LOOK LIKE A GROUNDS CREW--

--NOT A SPECIAL CRIMES UNIT!

YOU GOT IT, CAPTAIN SAWYER! WE'LL BE FINE--

"--SO LONG AS THE FUGITIVE BUYS OUR DECOY STORY AND STAYS PUT!"

PLEASE...BE PATIENT. I'M SURE THEY'LL HAVE A GATE OPEN FOR US IN NO TIME.

OH, MISS, CAN I ASK A QUESTION, PLEASE?

I HAVE TO CATCH A CONNECTING FLIGHT TO PITTSBURGH! WHAT IF I MISS IT?

I WOULDN'T WORRY ABOUT THAT YET IF I WERE YOU! I'M *SURE* WE'LL BE AT OUR GATE IN PLENTY OF TIME FOR YOU.

IF WE'RE DELAYED TOO LONG ASK FOR ME, LUCY LANE, AND I'LL DO WHATEVER I CAN TO ASSIST YOU.

GRACIOUS, SUCH A *NICE* YOUNG WOMAN! HOW I WISH MY ANTHONY COULD MEET SOMEONE LIKE HER!

ARE *YOU* MARRIED, MR....

NO.

SOMETHING'S WRONG! I SEE PLENTY OF GROUND VEHICLES BUT NO *PEOPLE*!

I'VE BEEN *MADE*!

OKAY, MOVE IT OUT, MEN! I WANT EVERYBODY IN POSITION DOUBLE-QUICK!

ON THE WAY, CAP'N!

THE UNIT IS DEPLOYED AND IN POSITION, CAPTAIN!

GOOD. DISENGAGE YOUR SAFETIES, GENTLEMEN!

IF OUR MAN LIVES UP TO HIS REPUTATION--

--THINGS ARE ABOUT TO GET REAL DICEY AROUND HERE!

WE MOVE IN IN ONE MINUTE!

LEX AIR

I CAN SMELL A TRAP LIKE THIS A MILE AWAY!

SIR, I'LL HAVE TO ASK YOU TO TAKE YOUR SEAT!

I HAVE ONLY SECONDS BEFORE THEY CLOSE THE GAUNTLET!

OF ALL THE RUDE, INCONSID-ERATE, PUSHY--

I SAID THAT YOU WILL HAVE TO *SIT DOWN!*

LEAVE ME ALONE!

I DON'T WANT ANY OF YOU GETTING HURT!

THOSE FOOLS! DID THEY REALLY THINK THEY COULD TRAP *ME?*

SIR! THIS IS AGAINST EVERY *F.A.A.* REGULATION IN THE BOOK! YOU CAN'T--

OH, *YES* I CAN! NOBODY WRITES THE RULES FOR--

--Deathstroke THE TERMINATOR!

SINS OF THE FATHER

DAN JURGENS
Story and Art

BRETT BREEDING, Finishes

JOHN COSTANZA
letters
GLENN WHITMORE
colors

HE'S ATTACKING! FIRE!

WAIT UNTIL HE CLEARS THE PLANE! THERE ARE TOO MANY INNOCENT CIVILIANS IN THE LINE OF FIRE!

MIKE CARLIN
editor
DAN THORSLAND
asst. editor

SUPERMAN
created by
SIEGEL & SHUSTER

OUT OF MY WAY!

IF ONE OF YOU GETS KILLED--

--IT WON'T BE MY RESPONSI-BILITY!

I'M WANTED BY THE MOST POWERFUL LAW AGENCIES ON EARTH!

YOU THINK A SIMPLE POLICE DEPARTMENT CAN TAKE ME IN?

:UHH!: WHERE'S OUR BACK-UP?

BRING ALL THE MEN YOU WANT! YOU'RE STILL OUT-MATCHED!

NO! HOLD YOUR FIRE! THE PLANE--

"--WILL END UP TAKING THE HIT!"

HE'S A MANIAC! NAIL HIM!

GOT HIM!

:ARRGH!:

IDIOTS! IF I HANG AROUND HERE ANY LONGER--

--YOU'LL PROBABLY KILL HALF THE CIVILIANS IN THIS AIRPORT!

I SAID--

--HOLD YOUR FIRE!

AT LEAST *ONE* OF YOU IS SMART.

THAT'S A CONSIDERABLY HIGHER RATIO THAN WHAT YOU FIND ON MOST FORCES!

:FUH!:

GOT TO *HAUL IT*--

-- GO INTO HIDING--

"--BEFORE SOMEONE *ELSE GETS HURT!*"

LUCY? *LUCY!* GOD, IT LOOKS REALLY BAD!

CALL 911! WE NEED AN AMBULANCE *NOW!*

HUH? WHAT THE HECK IS *THAT* THING DOING ON THE *TURNPIKE?*

THIS WILL *NEVER* WORK!

IF I'M GOING INTO HIDING I'LL NEED A LESS NOTICEABLE VEHICLE!

CAN'T BELIEVE IT'S COME TO THIS! TRACKED... HUNTED...

--ALL BECAUSE I ATTACKED A ROTTEN *C/A* AGENT IN GERMANY AND RAN INTO TROUBLE IN QURAC!*

IN *DEATHSTROKE* #s 1 THRU 5

THIS IS *NUTS!*

I'D HEARD THIS TERMINATOR GUY WAS A *PIECE OF WORK--*

--BUT HE'S LIKE A ONE-MAN ARMY!

STILL, HE'S GOT TO BE STOPPED! AND THE ONLY WAY TO GET THAT JOB DONE--

--IS BY USING THE ELEMENT OF SURPRISE!

SKTASSH

OH, *#6!&!#!*

:UHN!: LOSING CONTROL!

CAN'T KEEP IT ON THE ROAD!

KAMM

NOT ONLY IS SHE SMART--

--SHE'S GOOD.

TOO GOOD TO DIE.

THIS THING WILL BLOW ANY SECOND. A FATE SHE DOESN'T DESERVE.

THE LAW WILL BE HERE SOON.

LUCKY FOR THEM I WON'T BE.

LUCKY FOR THEM THAT I'LL BE--

"--LYIN' LOW IN METROPOLIS!"

CLARK, THIS BEEF WELLINGTON IS ABSOLUTELY DELICIOUS!

YOU NEVER TOLD ME YOU WERE SUCH A GREAT COOK!

YOU GIVE ME TOO MUCH CREDIT, LOIS. MA GAVE ME A COUPLE OF RECIPES AND I'VE MANAGED TO MASTER THEM--

--BUT NOT MUCH MORE. I'D BE LOST WITHOUT FROZEN ENTREES AND MY MICROWAVE.

YOU'RE SWEET, YOU CAN WRITE--HECK, YOU CAN EVEN FLY AND MOVE MOUNTAINS...

I GUESS I'LL HAVE TO BE THE ONE WHO LEARNS HOW TO COOK.

"LEARNS"? UH-OH...

BRRING BRRING

HELLO, CLARK KENT.

OH, HI THERE, SAM! WHAT A COINCIDENCE! YOUR DAUGHTER IS HERE! I'LL PUT HER ON IF YOU--

WHAT?!

OH, MY GOD... HOW IS SHE?

DON'T WORRY. WE'RE ON OUR WAY.

CLARK? WHAT IS IT? WHAT'S HAPPENED?

IT'S YOUR SISTER. LUCY WAS SHOT AND IT SOUNDS PRETTY BAD.

SHOT?! NO...

I'LL GRAB MY GLASSES AND A COAT AND WE'LL HEAD OVER TO--

"--METROPOLIS GENERAL!"

DAD? HOW IS SHE?

STILL IN SURGERY, LOIS. DOC SAYS THE WOUND IS PRETTY BAD--THAT WE'LL NEED A MIRACLE!

BUT SHE'S A *LANE!* A FIGHTER! SHE'S *GONNA* PULL THROUGH!

WHAT *HAPPENED?* WAS SHE MUGGED OR--

WAITING AREA

STATION T

SEEMS LUCY GOT CAUGHT IN A CROSS-FIRE BETWEEN THE COPS AND SOME SUPER TERRORIST TYPE.

POOR GIRL DIDN'T STAND A CHANCE IN A HOT FIRE ZONE LIKE THAT!

WHO'S RESPONSIBLE? WHO WAS THIS... TERRORIST?

DEATHSTROKE.

THE *TERMINATOR.*

SOMEBODY OUGHTA DO THE WORLD A FAVOR AND TERMINATE *HIM.*

CLARK, CAN I TALK TO YOU ALONE FOR A MINUTE?

I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE GOING TO ASK.

YOU *GET* HIM FOR US, CLARK. IF YOU NEVER DO ANYTHING FOR ME AGAIN--

--BRING IN THIS TERMINATOR!

YOU DON'T HAVE TO ASK. DON'T YOU THINK I'M MAD TOO?

LUCY IS ALMOST A SISTER TO ME! AND DEATHSTROKE-- HE *WAS* AN ALLY!

BUT NO MATTER WHERE HE IS NOW--

"--I'LL FIND HIM AND BRING HIM IN!"

"... OFFICIALS REFUSED TO SAY WHO WAS BEHIND THE DEBACLE AT THE AIRPORT EARLIER ALTHOUGH EYEWITNESSES HAVE GIVEN DETAILED DESCRIPTIONS.

"SOURCES INSIDE THE POLICE DEPARTMENT HAVE IDENTIFIED THE ALLEGED PERPETRATOR AS DEATHSTROKE, THE TERMINATOR--

"--WHO IS RUMORED TO BE A MUCH SOUGHT AFTER ASSASSIN FOR HIRE.

"THE FLIGHT ATTENDANT WHO NOW LIES IN CRITICAL CONDITION HAS BEEN IDENTIFIED AS METROPOLIS RESIDENT LUCY LANE, DAUGHTER OF SAM AND--"

SAM LANE?!

DAILY PLA

THE NAME STRIKES LIKE A SLAP IN THE FACE.

MEMORIES AND EXPERIENCES THAT WERE FORMED YEARS AGO, A WORLD AWAY, NOW COME BUBBLING TO THE SURFACE.

MEMORIES OF BATTLE, CAMARADERIE, AND FRIENDSHIP.

WE'RE IN A HOT ZONE, LANE! WE GOTTA PULL OUT BEFORE THE AIR STRIKE!

YOU *NUTS*, WILSON? WAY MY LEG'S SHOT UP WE DON'T STAND A CHANCE!

NO WAY, MAN! I'M GETTING YOU OUT OF HERE IF I HAVE TO CARRY YOU OUT!

THIS WHOLE JUNGLE IS GONNA BE BURIED UNDER NAPALM IN FIVE MINUTES!

OKAY, OKAY! I WANNA GET BACK TO THE STATES AS BAD AS THE NEXT GUY!

IT TOOK DAYS OF CLIMBING, CUTTING, AND SNEAKING THEIR WAY THROUGH ENEMY JUNGLES TO DO IT.

OVER THAT TIME A DEEP BOND WAS FORMED AS TWO YOUNG MEN TALKED ABOUT THEIR LIVES--

--AND THEIR FUTURES.

JOBS, WIVES, CHILDREN, IN THAT JUNGLE EVERY DREAM THAT OFFERED HOPE SEEMED POSSIBLE.

WOUNDED AND BLEEDING, THEY NEEDED EACH OTHER TO SURVIVE.

IN THAT SURVIVAL, A LIFE-LONG CONNECTION WAS CEMENTED.

THOUGH THEY WOULD EVENTUALLY LOSE TRACK OF EACH OTHER, SLADE WILSON AND SAM LANE BECAME FRIENDS FOR LIFE.

LAST I HEARD SAM HAD SETTLED BACK IN METROPOLIS! I KNOW HE HAS TWO GIRLS...

I EVEN REMEMBER MEETING THEM WHEN THEY WERE SMALL!

WAS ONE OF THEM THE STEWARDESS ON THAT PLANE?

I HAVE TO FIND OUT! AFTER WHAT I'VE BEEN THROUGH--

-- HAVING TO KILL MY OWN SON--

--I COULDN'T BEAR TO FIND OUT I'D DONE THE SAME TO A FRIEND!

MAGGIE.

MIND EXPLAINING THAT AIRPORT DEBACLE TO ME?

SUPERMAN? CAN'T YOU USE THE DOOR LIKE A NORMAL PERSON?

MAGGIE, I WANT TO KNOW HOW A TOP-NOTCH COP LIKE YOU COULD LET AN INNOCENT CIVILIAN GET *HURT!*

ASK TERMINATOR! HE'S THE ONE WHO RAN WILD! AND WHEN SOMETHING LIKE THAT HAPPENS--

--IT'S TOUGH TO KEEP HUNDREDS OF PEOPLE FROM GETTING HURT!

THAT'S RIGHT! I WANT EVERY SNITCH WE HAVE OUT ON THE STREET LOOKING FOR *WILSON!*

GOT THAT?

HEY, CAP'N! JUST GOTTA TIP THAT OUR BOY IS HOLED UP AT THE OLD FREMONT!

OKAY, THIS TIME HE'S OURS! SCRAMBLE THE UNIT, MISTER!

"WE'VE GOT A JOB TO DO!"

GOT IT, CAPTAIN SAWYER!

I'M SORRY, RONALD, BUT I HAVE A JOB TO DO.

THAT JOB IS TO KEEP MY MAGAZINE, NEWSTIME, IN THE BLACK. AN INCREASINGLY DIFFICULT TASK IN THIS RECESSION.

STIME

YOU'RE LETTING ME GO, AREN'T YOU, MR. THORNTON?

RONALD, I HAVE NO CHOICE. I AM *FORCED* TO CUT COSTS! BESIDES, YOU WERE BROUGHT IN TO HELP IN MY CAMPAIGN FOR MAYOR--

--AND THAT CAMPAIGN IS *OVER*. IF YOU NEED A RECOMMENDATION...

THANKS. I'LL PROBABLY TAKE YOU UP ON THAT.

I *AM* SORRY, RONALD.

THANKS, MR. THORNTON. I REALLY LEARNED A LOT UNDER YOUR TUTELAGE.

PTING

MR. THORNTON?

MY NAME IS FOSWELL. I--

AH, YES. YOU RAN THE *PLANET* IN WHITE'S ABSENCE AS I RECALL.

NEWSTIME

RUMOR HAS IT THAT YOU'RE NO LONGER THERE.

UNFORTUNATELY, THAT'S TRUE.

I'M HOPING NEWSTIME MIGHT OFFER SOME OPPORTUNITIES FOR EMPLOYMENT.

AFRAID NOT, FOSWELL! YOU'LL HAVE TO LOOK ELSEWHERE!

BUT... I'LL DO ANYTHING. *ANYTHING!* I HAVE NOWHERE TO GO!

NOWHERE--

--BUT DOWN.

SENATOR ROSS! FANCY MEETING YOU HERE!

WELL, WHAT DO YOU THINK OF YOUR FIRST SPRING IN WASHINGTON?

IT'S EVERY BIT AS BEAUTIFUL AS ITS REPUTATION, MR...

HARRIMAN. I LOBBIED YOU ON NOT PASSING THAT GUN CONTROL LEGISLATION, REMEMBER?

OF COURSE! SORRY WE DIDN'T SEE EYE TO EYE ON THAT ONE!

MAYBE NEXT TIME! SAY, WOULD YOU HAVE SOME TIME TO DISCUSS THE MAJOR HOLCRAFT HEARINGS THAT ARE ABOUT TO START?

SORRY, BUT I'M WAITING-- WHY, THERE'S LANA NOW!

PETE! MY NEW BOSS, JUDGE KRAMER, WANTED TO MEET YOU!

AN HONOR AND A PLEASURE, SENATOR! YOU'VE MADE QUITE A NAME FOR YOURSELF ALREADY.

LIKEWISE, JUDGE! BUT...UH, SORRY... I'D LOVE TO STAY AND CHAT BUT WE *REALLY* HAVE TO MAKE THAT PARTY AT THE *VICE PRESIDENT'S!*

I UNDERSTAND COMPLETELY! HAVE A NICE EVENING!

SEE YOU MONDAY, JUDGE!

I GOT A GOOD LOOK AT HIS BRIEFCASE. IT'S PERFECT FOR OUR NEEDS.

EXCELLENT. I FINALIZED PLANS FOR *"OPERATION CLEAN-UP"* TODAY AS WELL.

BY THE TIME THOSE SENATE HEARINGS ON HOLCRAFT AND THE *SONS OF LIBERTY* BEGIN--

--WE'LL *OWN* SENATOR ROSS!

I SHOULDN'T RISK BEING SPOTTED IN PUBLIC BUT I HAVE TO!

IF THAT POOR GIRL, LUCY, SHOULD TURN OUT TO BE THE DAUGHTER OF THE SAM LANE I KNEW, I--

RUNNING ALREADY, DEATHSTROKE?

SORRY... I *NEVER* RUN!

SURE. JUST LIKE YOU NEVER HURT INNOCENT PEOPLE.

GIVE IT UP. I'M TAKING YOU IN.

FORGET IT, SUPERMAN! I HAVE SOMETHING FAR MORE *IMPORTANT* TO ATTEND TO!

BLAKAMM

DON'T BE RIDICULOUS, WILSON! YOU MIGHT BE ENHANCED--

--BUT YOU AREN'T ANYWHERE *NEAR* MY POWER LEVEL!

HE'S RIGHT! ALL I CAN DO IS HOPE TO *ESCAPE* HIM!

AND TO DO THAT I'LL HAVE TO DEPEND ON GUILE--

--AND SPEED!
RIDICULE
MY ABILITIES,
SUPERMAN,
BUT I'VE BEEN
BATTLE SHARPENED
IN SCENARIOS
THE LIKES OF WHICH
YOU'VE NEVER SEEN!
YOU FOOL! THAT TRUCK--
LEXFREIGHT
SWAN ST

--IS JUST THE COVER I WAS LOOKING FOR!

I'LL LIE HERE-- DODGE THE WHEELS--

--LET A COUPLE CARS PASS OVER ME--

--AND THEN GRAB THE FIRST *REASONABLE* TICKET OUT OF HERE!

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NEVER TRIED THAT *MANEUVER* BEFORE--

--BUT IT WORKED!

SUPERMAN IS WAY BACK THERE WHERE I LANDED LOOKING FOR A MASHED, BLOODY PULP!

HE'S *SO* STRONG--SO POWERFUL--THAT HE CAN'T IMAGINE HOW A *RELATIVELY* ORDINARY MAN CAN ESCAPE HIM!

I EXPECTED TO SEE DEATHSTROKE'S ON THE ROAD BUT-- THERE!

OVER ON THE BUS!?

YOU'RE BETTER THAN YOUR BILLING, MISTER! DIDN'T EVEN *THINK* TO USE MY *X-RAY VISION* FAST ENOUGH.

THAT WAS A *SLICK MOVE!*

YOU WANT SLICK?

I'LL GIVE YOU SLICK!

HAVE TO KEEP MOVING... GOT TO TRY TO SLIP OUT OF HIS VIEW AGAIN!

SKROASH

YOU CAN RUN BUT YOU CAN'T HIDE THIS TIME, WILSON!

YOU HAVE SOME *CRIMES* TO ATONE FOR!

I KNOW FROM OUR LAST MEETING THAT YOU'RE IN PAIN OVER YOUR SON'S DEATH--

--AND THE FACT THAT IT WAS *YOU* WHO KILLED HIM!

BUT WHAT ABOUT OTHER CHILDREN? MAGGIE SAWYER IS A MOTHER, YOU KNOW!

ANCE

YOUR ACTIONS COULD HAVE GOTTEN HER KILLED! TURNED HER DAUGHTER INTO AN ORPHAN!

HIS *HEARTBEAT!* HE'S UP--

--IN THE *CEILING!*

GOTCHA!

I DON'T HAVE *TIME* FOR THIS! I HAVE SOME-PLACE I HAVE TO GO!

YOU THINK I *CARE* ABOUT THAT?

ALL I CARE ABOUT IS YOUR VICTIMS! THE ONES YOU *WON'T* GET TO HURT BECAUSE YOU'LL BE OFF THE STREETS!

YOU UNDERSTAND ME? THERE *WON'T* BE ANY MORE LUCY LANES!

THAT'S WHAT I'M TALKING ABOUT, SUPERMAN!

I WAS GOING TO THE HOSPITAL.

I HAVE TO FIND OUT IF SHE'S OKAY.

YOU EXPECT ME TO BELIEVE THAT?

LOOK, WE WERE ALLIES ONCE. I'M ASKING YOU TO TRUST ME.

TAKE ME THERE, SUPERMAN.

I'M BEGGING YOU. TAKE ME--

"--TO THE HOSPITAL!"

MR. LANE?

SUPERMAN? WHA...WHAT DO YOU WANT WITH ME?

I'VE CAUGHT THE MAN RESPONSIBLE FOR YOUR DAUGHTER'S INJURIES. HE INSISTED ON COMING HERE.

SAYS HE MIGHT KNOW YOU.

HE...HE'S HERE?

LOOK, I...I'M...

THE LOOK ON HIS FACE...

I'M SORRY.

SORRY? SORRY?

I DISGUST HIM!

SAM, OLD FRIEND, HOW COULD I HAVE EXPECTED ANYTHING DIFFERENT?

WELL, SORRY DOESN'T CUT IT WITH ME! SLIME LIKE YOU--

--YOU'RE GONNA ANSWER TO THE LAW!

:UFF!:

FAR AS I'M CONCERNED-- YOU'RE NOTHING!

NO OFFENSE TO YOU, SUPERMAN, BUT GET HIM OUTTA HERE!

WHY, WILSON? WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL HIM WHO YOU WERE?

SAM LANE IS A GOOD MAN.

I WANT HIM TO REMEMBER THE SLADE WILSON THAT *WAS*--

--RATHER THAN THE MAN HE'S COME TO *BE*.

YOU HAVE THE RIGHT TO REMAIN SILENT. ANYTHING YOU SAY CAN AND WILL BE HELD AGAINST YOU IN A COURT OF LAW...

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CONTINUED IN THE PAGES OF **TERMINATOR** #12!

The news reports had CONFIRMED my suspicions.

SLADE WILSON had spent a lifetime skirting international LAW without directly VIOLATING it.

In most circumstances, right and wrong are determined by the VICTOR...

...And though he played a DANGEROUS game, he always picked his sides WELL.

But after the Qurac fiasco, its aftermath in Germany, and the insanity of the GOTHAM affair, I feared it was only a matter of TIME--

--Before he carelessly, recklessly, went over the EDGE and plunged into Conrad's abyss...

He saw the METROPOLIS police waiting for him as his plane landed. He should NEVER have endangered civilians trying to escape.

But a flight stewardess named LUCY LANE was SHOT, police were WOUNDED, and Slade...

...Slade either forgot or ignored who LIVED in that fair city.

Deathstroke the Terminator had, at long last, been CAPTURED. And for the first time in our decades together, I knew there was NOTHING I could do to help him.
--From the Journal of W.R. Wintergreen Major, British Army, Ret.

TERMINATOR HUNT:

THE POWERS THAT BE!

MARV WOLFMAN
WRITER

STEVE ERWIN
PENCILLER

WILL BLYBERG -- INKER

PAT BROSSEAU, TODD KLEIN & ALBERT DeGUZMAN
LETTERERS

TOM McCRAW -- COLORIST

JONATHAN PETERSON -- ONE FRANTIC EDITOR!

STILL NOTHING TO *SAY*, DEATHSTROKE?

I DON'T *LIKE* HAVING TO BRING YOU IN. I'D HATE TO BELIEVE YOU'VE BECOME AN *ENEMY*.

ESPECIALLY SINCE WE JUST FINISHED FIGHTING ON THE *SAME* SIDE. *

WOW!

HERE THEY COME...

* IN THE NOW-CLASSIC "*PANIC IN THE SKY*" SAGA SEEN IN THE VARIOUS *SUPERMAN* TITLES-- JON.

OKAY, TERMINATOR-- I'M SURE *YOU* KNOW THE ROUTINE. KEEP HIM COVERED, BOYS.

AND SAFETIES *OFF!*

THANKS, SUPERMAN. MY MEN CAN TAKE HIM FROM HERE FOR *INTERROGATION*.

AND YOU *ARE*--?

EXIT

AGENT SMITH. C.I.A.

I BROUGHT HIM *THIS* FAR, I'D LIKE TO SEE HIM TO HIS *CELL*.

WITH HIS *ABILITIES*, HE MIGHT ELUDE YOUR NORMAL PRECAUTIONS...

...BUT HE *CAN'T* ESCAPE ME.

TRUST ME, WE'RE ON *TOP* OF THIS.

HMM, SO IT WOULD SEEM...

BUT WHY BRING HIM TO THE *FEDERAL BUILDING*?

I COULD JUST AS *EASILY* HAVE TAKEN HIM TO THE *CONFINEMENT FACILITY*.

ROUTINE. HE'S TO BE BOOKED HERE, STRIPPED AND SEARCHED.

TRANSPORT WILL BE HERE SHORTLY TO MOVE HIM ON THEN.

ALL RIGHT, THEN, I'LL LEAVE YOU TO YOUR WORK. I HAVE TO GET BACK TO METROPOLIS FOR AN APPOINTMENT, ANYWAY.

GOOD DAY, SMITH.

CALL IT A REPORTER'S *SIXTH* SENSE, BUT SOMETHING SEEMS *WRONG* HERE.

SUPERMAN MAY BE TOO CONSPICUOUS, BUT AS *CLARK KENT*, I COULD LOOK INTO SMITH'S BACKGROUND BACK AT THE *DAILY PLANET*...

SO LONG, YOU BIG BOY SCOUT!

HE WAS *SUSPICIOUS*. I COULD TELL.

BAH! LET HIM COME *BACK*.

SOON, *WE'LL* BE READY FOR *HIM* TOO...

...SO *THIS* IS THE GREAT, HOT-SHOT DEATHSTROKE, EH?

DUH! THE *TRAITOR* DON'T LOOK SO *TOUGH* TO ME.

I-I'D STILL KEEP MY *DISTANCE*, CHUCK.

DIDN'T YOU HEAR HOW *MANY* OF THE BOYS HE TOOK *DOWN* IN QURAC ALONE?

AHH, HE AIN'T DANGEROUS...

HE'S *SCARED*! LOOKIT 'IM! AIN'T EVEN SAID A *WORD* SINCE HE GOT HERE.

YOU WANT ME TO SAY *SOMETHING*, SERGEANT?

ALL RIGHT, THEN. LET ME TELL YOU-- SUPERMAN AND I *REALLY* FOOLED YOU.

SEE, *I'M NOT DEATHSTROKE!*

I AM DE SIX-FIFTY MODEL EXTERMINATOR, FUH CRYIN' OUT LOUD--

--MY PRIME FUNCTION IS UPHOLDIN' DE LAW.'

LITTLE BILLY MUST LEARN DOT CRIMES DOES NOT PAY...

NO! NOT MY SON!

LOOK-- I'M A SMART-MOUTHED KID-- BUT I'M ALSO THE KEY TO HIS FUTURE.'

NO WAY IS HE GOING TO KILL ME!

HASTA-LA-VISTA, BILLY.

STILL THINK THIS FILM'S TOO VIOLENT FOR A KID ADAM'S AGE, BUT CAT ALWAYS CAVES IN TO HIM ON THESE DECISIONS!

ADAM, HONEY-- MOMMY'S EXPLAINED THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN MOVIE AND REAL VIOLENCE, RIGHT?

ONLY LIKE A THOUSAND TIMES, MOM!

HEY, THE SCREEN'S MOVING--

WHAT GIVES WIT' THE PICTURE?

TH-TH-THAT'S ALL, FOLKS! AND DON'T ASK FOR YOUR MONEY BACK-- THIS SHOW IS JUST STARTING!

YOU GOTTA BE KIDDIN' ME-- I CAME HERE TO THE MOVIES TO GET AWAY FROM THIS STUFF!

SUPERMAN

Created by JERRY SIEGEL & JOE SHUSTER

A GOOD HEAD ON YOUR SHOULDERS

TOM GRUMMETT-PENCILS * DOUG HAZLEWOOD-INKS
JERRY ORDWAY-WRITES * GLENN WHITMORE-COLORS
ALBERT DE GUZMAN-LETTERS * DAN THORSLAND-ASSISTS
AND MIKE CARLIN-RUNS THE PROJECTOR!

EXIT

OH MAN! WAY COOL!

ALL RIGHT, THAT'S IT-- WE'RE OUT OF HERE!

LISTEN TO YOUR MOM! THIS IS SERIOUS STUFF, ADAM.

:ULP: I GUESS I CAN WAIT FOR THIS FILM TO COME OUT ON LASERDISC TO FIND OUT HOW IT ENDS...

THAT MOVIE MADE ME SICK! WHEN I WAS-RE-MADE IN METAL, I JUMPED FOR JOY, UNLIKE THAT "EXTERMINATOR!"

GO ON, RUN, YOU BABIES, WITH YOUR SOFT PINK FLESH-- I HATE THE WHOLE LOT OF YOU!

I AIN'T PINK, I AIN'T SCARED, AND I AIN'T LEAVING 'TIL I GET MY MONEY BACK!

I DON'T SCARE YOU?

I MUST NOT BE DOING MY JOB CORRECTLY!

WHOA, MAN--I DIDN'T MEAN TO DIS' YOU--!

SURE YOU DID, PUNK! YOUR DISRESPECT IS DULY NOTED--

--AS IS MY RESPONSE!

WHACK

HEY-- THERE'S NO *BLOOD!*

WHY DON'T YOU PICK ON SOMEONE YOUR *OWN* SIZE!

RUN, KID-- CALL 911-- SPECIAL CRIMES UNIT-- GO!

I'D *RATHER* YOU CALL *SUPERMAN*-- AND TELL HIM *METALLO'S* ANXIOUS FOR A *RE-MATCH!*

AND YOU'D BETTER CALL THE *MORGUE* TO RESERVE A DRAWER--

-- BECAUSE *THIS* CHUCKLEHEAD'S GOING TO *NEED* ONE!

FWAAM

WHO SHOULD I CALL WHEN *YOUR* BATTERY DIES, METAL-HEAD? THE *SCRAP METAL* RECYCLING CENTER?

WHO AM *I* KIDDING? THIS GUY KICKED *SUPERMAN'S* BUTT ONCE!*

**IN THE CLASSIC SUPERMAN #1!*

IT'S ALL I CAN DO TO AVOID THE FLYING SHARDS OF DEBRIS!

HOPE *THIS* IS *WORTH* THE *EFFORT.*

I *BLOCKED* THAT *REAR* EXIT FROM THE *OUTSIDE*, CHUMP!

EXIT

IT'S MORE EFFECTIVE IF YOU JERKS RUN, SCREAMING, OUT INTO THE BUSY SIDEWALK, THAN A DESERTED ALLEYWAY, RIGHT?

:ULP:! THIS CAN STILL WORK...

TAKE YOUR *BEST* SHOT!

WAAAAM!

HOW'S--? SAY, YOU'RE QUICK!

MISSED ME, BUT I'VE GOT TO ROLL TO AVOID--

:GAA-AACK:

WHOOP!

OH MAN OH MAN OH MAN...

I--CAN'T GET UP!

TRIPPED ME UP GOOD, BUT WHERE'D IT GET YOU?

WHAT'S THE MATTER? CAN'T MOVE?

YOU KNOW, I LOVE THE SOUND THIS MAKES--LIKE THUMPING A MELON!

HMM?

SOMEONE COMING UP THE STAIRWELL?

qh!

THONK!

SA-AAAAAAYYYYYY

KLANK SHUUUUUUUU

SOMETHING'S GRABBED HIM!

THANK GOD!

AAAAAAAAAHH!

EXIT

CAUGHT ME A FISH--

--ALREADY PACKED IN A SARDINE TIN!

SCU

DAN TURPIN, S.C.U.* MY ENEMIES CALL ME "TERRIBLE TURPIN!"

"YOU GOT THE RIGHT TO REMAIN SILENT. ANYTHING YOU SAY CAN AND WILL BE USED AGAINST YOU IN A COURT O'LAW..."

AAAAAA

WHOOP!

*SPECIAL CRIMES UNIT

"DON'T EVEN THINK O' MOVIN', SARDINE!"

THERE'S SOMEONE BACK HERE, DOM!

RELAX, BUDDY, AND DON'T TRY TO MOVE. WE'LL GET YOU TO THE HOSPITAL.

POOR GUY'S BACK IS ALL TORN UP!

C-CAN'T M-MOVE...

...GONNA BE OKAY, SOON AS WE GET YOU ON A GURNEY...

...YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND--I'M PARALYZED--AGAIN!

OH NOOOO, JOSE!

IF YOU'RE FAMILY, YOU'D BETTER RIDE TO THE HOSPITAL WITH US...

--PARALYZED BEFORE--NEED SPECIAL DOCTORS--

"...AND FILL US IN ON THIS MEDICAL HISTORY HE'S MUMBLING ABOUT!"

OH GOD, LUCY--SHE'S SO PALE--SO STILL...

THAT STRAY BULLET CAUSED A LOT OF BLEEDING, LOIS.*

DON'T WORRY. LUCY LANE'S A FIGHTER--SHE'LL BOUNCE BACK!

THE DOCTORS SAY HER CONDITION'S STABILIZED...

...AND FOR WHAT IT'S WORTH, SUPERMAN BROUGHT THE MAN RESPONSIBLE, THE TERMINATOR, TO JUSTICE.

HMMM, MY SUPER-HEARING'S PICKING UP A LOT OF COMMOTION AT THE NURSES' STATION!

CHECK OUT SUPERMAN #68, STILL ON SALE!

WE NEED PERSONNEL IN *EMERGENCY*, STAT-- SOME *MANIAC* BUSTED UP THE GLENMORGAN SQUARE THEATRE!

LOIS, I HAVE TO--

I KNOW "*THAT LOOK*," CLARK. DO WHAT *YOU HAVE TO*-- WE'LL BE OKAY HERE!

LOIS--JIM-- I'VE *GOT* TO GET BACK TO WORK. I'LL MEET UP WITH YOU LATER, ALL RIGHT?

SEE YOU, MR. KEN--UH, CLARK.

YOU DON'T LOOK SO HOT, JIM-- WANT TO TELL ME ABOUT IT?

IT'S JUST THAT-- WELL, I *REALLY* CARE ABOUT YOUR *SISTER*, DESPITE ALL THE *UPS* AND *DOWNS* WE'VE HAD LATELY.

I ALWAYS THOUGHT THIS FLIGHT ATTENDANT CAREER OF HERS WAS A MIXED BLESSING FOR *OUR* RELATIONSHIP--!

HER JOB TAKING HER *AWAY* SO MUCH WORKED OUT WELL FOR *ME*, WITH THE CRAZY CAREER I'M IN...

...BUT IT ALWAYS KEPT US AT ARM'S LENGTH FROM EACH OTHER, WITH NEVER ENOUGH TIME TO BUILD ON WHAT WE *HAD* BETWEEN US.

I WANT ANOTHER *CHANCE*, LOIS.

SHE'S GOING TO BE FINE--AND SO WILL YOU, MISTER OLSEN...

"... AS LONG AS WE'VE GOT OUR GUARDIAN ANGEL WATCHING OVER US."

THIS

LOOKS

LIKE...

"... YET ANOTHER JOB FOR SUPERMAN."

I WAS SO WRAPPED UP IN LUCY'S DILEMMA THAT I WASN'T LISTENING FOR ANY DISTRESS CALLS FROM THE CITY-AT-LARGE.

I KNOW I CAN'T BE EVERYWHERE AT ONCE, BUT I ALSO KNOW MY DUTY.'

THERE'S THE GLENMORGAN MOVIE THEATER-- WHOA! LOOKS LIKE THINGS AREN'T UNDER CONTROL DOWN THERE AFTER ALL!

FWOOM

STILL STANDIN', EH? YER A TOUGH MUG, I'LL GIVE YA THAT MUCH. LET'S SEE HOW A HEAD SHOT WILL--

AWWW, %$@!! STUPID@^ *$% POPGUN'S JAMMED!

WHERE'S YOUR BACK-UP, OLD-TIMER?

I DON'T NEED NO PANTY-WAIST ROOKIES T' HELP ME TAKE YOU DOWN.

I'LL SEE TO IT THEY WRITE THAT ON YOUR TOMBSTONE, CHUMP!

I DON'T THINK SO!

SUPERMAN-- I WAS READY TO GIVE UP ON YOU SHOWING.

FWANG

NUTS-- I WAS ALL READY T' KNOCK A FEW O' DOSE SHINY TEETH DOWN 'IS THROAT!

SCU WAS NOTIFIED DAT SOMEONE SPRUNG HIM EN ROUTE TA STRYKER'S ISLAND A COUPLE O' DAYS AGO.'*

GOT A NEW PARTNER AS WELL AS A NEW BODY, METALLO?

LOOKS THAT WAY!

*SEE MAN OF STEEL #12

FWOOSH

HEH-HEH--BETTER WATCH IT, BLUE-BOY--THOSE BEAMS OF YOURS COULD HURT SOMEBODY!

HEAT VISION SHOULD CUT HIM DOWN TO--HEY!

AWWW, NUTS!

HERE--LET ME WIPE THAT STUPID LOOK OFF YOUR KISSER!

THWOKK

OH--HAPPY LANDINGS! HEH HEH HEH!

SKE-TEC

HHH

SKEESH

:UGHHNNN:

GOT TO SHAKE THE COBWEBS OUT-- OR THOSE MOTORISTS BELOW--

--WILL HAVE MORE TO WORRY ABOUT THAN *GRIDLOCK!*

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HONK HONK

WHAT GIVES?

OH NO!

YOU PEOPLE DOWN THERE-- ABANDON YOUR VEHICLES, AND RUN TO SAFETY!

ABANDON--?

NO WAY! I STILL OWE *TEN GRAND* ON THIS CAR!

SOMEBODY HAIL A CAB?

CAREFUL, METALLO--LET'S NOT GET ANYONE *ELSE* HURT HERE.

I'M NOT SQUEAMISH!

CAN'T STAND THE *SIGHT* OF A LITTLE *BLOOD*?

IT'S *ME* YOU WANT, METALLO, SO LET'S TAKE THIS *AWAY* FROM ALL THESE BYSTANDERS.

TAXI

NO! YOU MONSTER-- THERE'S A *MAN* INSIDE THERE!

THE DRIVER'S GOING TO GET SQUASHED BY A *SUDDEN STOP*, SO I HAVE TO *SLOW* THIS CAB DOWN *GRADUALLY*!

HE'LL SUFFER A TOUCH OF WHIPLASH, BUT AT LEAST HE'LL BE *ALIVE*!

NICE CATCH, SUPES!

I MAY NOT BE AN EINSTEIN, BUT I KNOW I STAND A *BETTER* CHANCE TO BEAT YOU WITH *INNOCENT* VICTIMS PRESENT!

YOU WON'T LET YOURSELF *CUT LOOSE* IN THEIR MIDST, AND I CAN ALWAYS DISTRACT YOU BY PLACING THEM IN *JEOPARDY*!

RUN, PAL--GET SAFELY BEHIND THE POLICE BARRICADES!

AS FOR *YOU*--YOU'RE *STRONGER* THAN THE LAST TIME WE MET, BUT NOT AT THE LEVEL YOU WERE WHEN POWERED BY KRYPTONITE!

IS THIS *REALLY* METALLO, OR A *ROBOT* CONSTRUCT? IS THERE A LIVING *HUMAN* BRAIN IN THAT GLEAMING SKULL?

PROBING WITH THAT X-RAY VISION OF YOURS, AREN'T YOU?

YOU CAN'T SEE *THROUGH* LEAD, SO YOU HAVE *NO WAY* OF KNOWING IF THERE'S *HUMAN TISSUE* INSIDE THIS SHELL!

THAT BIT OF UNCERTAINTY WON'T MAKE YOU *PULL* YOUR *PUNCHES*, WILL IT?

KLAANG

I WOULDN'T COUNT ON IT!

KLAANG

WELL, OKAY THEN--

--I'M GONNA KNOCK YOUR BLOCK OFF!

SOK

:OOOOFFF:

METALLO'S NEW BODY IS TAKING MY BEST PUNCHES, WITH BARELY A DENT TO SHOW FOR IT!

HIS HEAD, THOUGH, IS "ORIGINAL PARTS."

SHAKE YER BUTTS, FELLAS-- WE'RE SUPEY'S ONLY BACK-UP HERE!

I ACCESSED THE S.C.U. DATABASE FROM OUR MOBILE UNIT, AND CROSS-REFERENCED IT AGAINST ALL ACTIVE CRIMINAL ORGANIZA--

DIDYA READ METALLO'S S.C.U. FILES, RODRIGUEZ?

A SIMPLE "YEAH" WOULDA BEEN ENOUGH!

IMPORTANT THING IS-- THE MORE WE KNOW, THE MORE OPTIONS WE GOT IN DEALIN' WIT' DIS WEIRDIE!

MAN O'MAN, IT'S GREAT TO BE UP AND SWINGING AGAIN, AFTER ALL THAT TIME I SPENT AS A LIMBLESS TORSO!

YOU CAN'T IMAGINE WHAT THAT'S LIKE-- TO SEE, THINK AND HEAR, WITH NO MOTOR FUNCTIONS, MAN!

IT WAS WORSE THAN ANY PRISON YOU COULD HAVE SENT ME TO!

AWW, BUT THAT'S ALL CHANGED NOW, SINCE MY NEW PARTNER GAVE ME THIS BODY!

PARTNER?

YOU'VE NEVER BEEN MORE THAN A FLUNKY IN YOUR ENTIRE CAREER, METALLO!

I DIDN'T ASK FOR THIS FATE-- FOR MY BRAIN TO BE ;TIK; IMPLANTED IN THIS ;TIK; METAL SHELL...

THAT WALLOP MUST'VE LOOSENED SOMETHING--HIS SPEECH BROKE UP FOR A SECOND THERE.

I--WENT OVER A CLIFF IN MY CAR--BLACKED OUT--BUT NOW, NOW I'M AWAKE--BUT WHAT'S WRONG WITH MY HANDS?

I'VE GOT TO TAKE THIS OPPORTUNITY--

SOMETHING'S WRONG WITH THE PICTURE HERE--THIS OLD GEEZER SAYS HE FOUND ME, AND RE-BUILT ME FROM THE GROUND UP!

--TO BEAR DOWN--

SAYS I WAS RE-BORN, TO KILL SUPERMAN--AND HE GIVES ME THE MEANS TO DO IT--A CHUNK OF KRYPTONITE!

--AND COME AT HIM WITH EVERYTHING I'VE GOT!!

GEEZER'S ALREADY HALF-DEAD FROM RADIATION POISONING, SO I FINISH THE JOB!

I DON'T HAVE KRYPTONITE ANYMORE...

...BUT THAT DOESN'T MATTER TO THIS GUY.

HE BUILDS ME MY NEW BODY...

AJHSU CJSUEH.S.SK;...

HE'S TALKING GIBBERISH-- I MUST HAVE SHORTED SOME CONNECTIONS.

...BUT SHE'S DOING ALL THE BOSSING-- A REAL DRAGON-LADY...

BLERGH R--EAL UNMH D--FLER--RAGON LADY...

WELL, I'LL BE DARNED! I'D BETTER LET UP-- HE MIGHT SAY SOMETHING USEFUL!

WHO'S RUNNING THIS SHOW--HER OR CERBERUS?

...HER OR TIK CERBERUS?

WHAT? CERBERUS IS INVOLVED?

SSSZZT

WHAT? HEY, YOU TRICKED ME!

TURPIN-- METALLO'S A CERBERUS AGENT! YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO?

YEP, AND DESE COMPUTER "WHIZ-KIDS" I GOT WIT' ME BETTER BE ON DA BALL, TOO!

METALLO HAS FAILED TO KILL SUPERMAN!

MY DEAR-- YOU'LL NOTE THE FAILURE OCCURRED IN HIS ORIGINAL BODY PARTS!

I AIN'T TAKIN' NO CHANCES-- I'M SHUTTIN' THAT ROBOT DOWN!

WHY NOT LET HIM TALK?

AND YOU SAY I'M CRAZY, DRAGON LADY!

NOW, TURPIN-- HIT HIM!

ENOUGH-- ALL O' YOUSE--

CERBERUS SAYS METALLO MUST BE TERMINATED!

WHAT THE HELL JUST HAPPENED, DOC?

"OUR MICROWAVE SIGNAL TO DEACTIVATE METALLO HAS BEEN EFFECTIVELY BLOCKED."

NO APOLOGIES, DAN-- IF IT WORKED, THIS WAS WORTH THE MESS!

CRYIN' SHAME TA MUCK UP YER TIGHTS, BUT YA GAVE THE WORD, SUPEY!

HEY-- WHO TURNED OUT THE LIGHTS?

WELL, I GUESS IT *WORKED*! WHO CAME UP WITH THIS *GOO*?

THE *RESEARCH* BOYS AT S.C.U. HAVE BEEN TINKERIN' WITH IT SINCE CERBERUS FIRST HIT THE SCENE!

THEY ALWAYS USE THE *SAME* M.O.* TA SHUT DOWN THEIR *BOZOS* WHEN THINGS GET "*DICEY*!"

I'VE SEEN IT *HAPPEN*, DAN.

SO, NO RADIO SIGNAL CAN PENETRATE THIS *SLUDGE*, EH? YOU'D BETTER LEAVE THAT STUFF *ON HIM* 'TIL YOU GET HIM TO THE *LAB*!

DON'T WORRY--HE'S *NOT* HEADED FOR A *CAR WASH*--

--THERE'S A *FLATBED TRUCK* ON ITS WAY, WITH THIS GUY'S *NAME* ON IT, SUPERMAN.

SCU

*METHOD OF OPERATION.

IF I COULD MOVE, YOU GUYS WOULDN'T BE SO CHIPPER!

WHAT A *REVOLTING* DEVELOPMENT!

WHY DON'TCHA HANG AROUND--THE "TOXIC" CREW'LL BE HERE TO CLEAN UP THE STREET ANY MINUTE!

THEY TELL ME IT AIN'T *REALLY TOXIC*, BUT YOU CAN'T BE TOO CAREFUL!

I'VE GOT THINGS TO DO, PEOPLE TO SEE, DAN--I'LL CATCH UP WITH YOU AND CAPTAIN SAWYER LATER, TO HELP WITH METALLO!

SEE YOU LATER!

BUT *FIRST*...

"...A VISIT TO THE BAKERLINE 'WASTE TO ENERGY' PLANT!"

EXCUSE ME-- I'D LIKE TO ASK YOUR SUPERVISOR'S PERMISSION TO USE ONE OF YOUR INCINERATOR BAYS.

SURE THING, SOOPERMAN! WOW!

"HE WANTED TO BURN THAT GOOP OFF HIMSELF?"

"YEAH. PRETTY COOL, AIN'T IT?"

THAT SHOULD DO IT-- NOTHING BUT INERT ASH IS LEFT OF THAT MESS!

I REALLY APPRECIATE THE FAVOR, FELLAS! THANKS.

YOU AIN'T EVEN SWEATING?

DON'T YOU USUALLY FLY UP TO THE SUN OR SOMETHING, TO BURN OFF STUFF?

THIS WAS CLOSER!

HAVE A GREAT DAY.

PRETTY AMAZING GUY, ISN'T HE?

HE'S AT METRO GENERAL? YES, MY SISTER LUCY IS THERE TOO, BUT SHE'S DOING BETTER, THANKS.

DAILY PLANET

JIM? I'VE GOT CAT GRANT ON THE PHONE.

SHE SAYS JOSE DELGADO IS RECOVERING FROM THE WOUNDS HE RECEIVED FROM METALLO, AND HE'S ALSO AT METRO GENERAL.

TELL CAT "HI" FROM ME, AND SAY I'LL STOP BY TO VISIT JOSE TONIGHT AFTER I SEE LUCY, OKAY?

WILL DO, "CHIEF"-- OH, AND THERE'S SOMEONE IN THE LOBBY WHO SAYS HE KNOWS YOU!

THANKS, LOIS.

RONALD TROUPE?

WHAT, ARE YOU SPYING ON US FOR COLLIN THORNTON?

HEY, IT WAS ONLY A JOKE.

HEY, JIM. GUESS I'M NOT IN SUCH A JOVIAL MOOD.

DAILY PLANET

NEWSTIME LAID ME OFF, AND, WELL-- I MADE AN APPOINTMENT TO TALK TO PERRY WHITE.

YOU'RE NOT TRYING TO STEAL MY JOB AGAIN, ARE YOU?

LOOK, I'M REAL SORRY ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED AT NEWSTIME, BUT I DIDN'T STEAL THAT JOB FROM YOU!

I'D BETTER LEAVE...

WHOA-WHOA!

I WAS JUST YANKING YOU, RON.

LET ME TAKE YOU TO PERRY'S OFFICE SO I CAN PUT IN A GOOD WORD FOR YOU!

DAILY PLANET

NEXT WEEK, IN ***ACTION #678***— *LEX LUTHOR JR'S SECRET PAST!*

AND PLEASE JOIN US HERE ***NEXT ISSUE*** *AS*

AGENT LIBERTY RETURNS!

W-L-E-X F-M NEWS, LYLE RICHARDS REPORTING... METROPOLIS POLICE ARE CHARGING THE ROBOTIC TERRORIST METALLO IN AN AFTERNOON ATTACK ON A MIDTOWN THEATER--

--WHICH HAS LEFT AT LEAST ONE MAN HOSPITALIZED AND RESULTED IN WELL OVER A MILLION DOLLARS IN PROPERTY DAMAGE.

METALLO, WHO'D ESCAPED FROM FEDERAL CUSTODY JUST DAYS AGO, ALLEGEDLY RANSACKED THE TENTH STREET GLEN MORGAN SQUARE THEATER IN A REBUILT METAL BODY--

--CONSIDERABLY LARGER THAN THE ONE WHICH WAS IMPLICATED IN THE DESTRUCTION OF THE COMMERCE BANK NEARLY TWO YEARS AGO.

OKAY, FOLKS, LET'S KEEP IT MOVING.

DESPITE THE DIFFERENCE IN SIZE, AUTHORITIES BELIEVE HIM TO BE THE SAME... AH ...INDIVIDUAL.

METALLO WAS APPREHENDED BY SUPERMAN WITH THE AID OF THE CITY'S SPECIAL CRIMES UNIT, WHICH CURRENTLY HAS HIM IN CUSTODY...

WE CAUGHT A "BIGGIE" THIS TIME, MAGGIE!

SO I SEE.

AND JUST WHAT DO YOU PROPOSE WE DO WITH HIM, TURPIN?

TALKING HEADS!

ROGER STERN WRITER / JACKSON GUICE & ANDE PARKS ARTISTS / BILL OAKLEY LETTERER / GLENN WHITMORE COLORIST / DAN THORSLAND ASSISTANT EDITOR / MIKE CARLIN EDITOR DOWN UNDER
~SUPERMAN created by JERRY SIEGEL & JOE SHUSTER~

WELL, I FIGURE WE CAN TRUCK HIM INTO THE OLD 5TH PRECINCT MOTOR POOL TO DISCONNECT HIS ARMS AN' LEGS. AN' THEN WE CAN--!

DAN, LOOK OUT! HE'S COMING BACK TO LIFE!

COMING BACK? AW, DID YOU THINK I HAD GONE OFF LINE? GOOD, THAT WAS THE IDEA!

PING

PEEYOW

PTANG

BDAM- DAM- DAM- DAM!

UH-OH! I WAS AFRAID OF SOMETHING LIKE THIS!

THAT POUNDING SUPERMAN GAVE ME* DIDN'T DO MUCH MORE THAN RATTLE MY MOTOR FEEDS... I NEEDED JUST A LITTLE BREATHER... TO GIVE MY CIRCUITS A CHANCE TO REALIGN THEMSELVES!

AND YOU MORONS GAVE IT TO ME! HAH-HA-HA!

YOU DIDN'T REALLY THINK THIS GLOP AND THESE CHAINS WOULD HOLD ME, DID YOU?

*IN ADVENTURES OF SUPERMAN #491, STILL ON SALE!

HANDS OFF THE POLICE, METALLO.

I THOUGHT THAT I WAS THE ONE YOU WERE MOST INTERESTED IN FIGHTING!

SUPERMAN? BACK FOR MORE?!

YOU NEVER LEARN, DO YOU?

ON THE CONTRARY, I LEARN QUITE QUICKLY! AND AS I RECALL--

--ONE OF MY EARLIER PUNCHES LOOSENED YOUR HEAD! LET'S SEE WHAT AN EXTRA LITTLE TWIST WILL DO!

WHAT'RE YOU-- ;GEEICK; --NO!

OH,,, MY,,, GOD.

ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, DAN?

HUH? YEAH,,, SURE,,, I'M IN THE PINK.

BLASTED CHAIN LINK JUST TORE MY FAVORITE JACKET, THAT'S ALL.

OH, NICE WORK, SUPERMAN.

TOO BAD ABOUT METALLO, THOUGH. GUESS WE WON'T BE GETTIN' A CHANCE TO INTERROGATE 'IM NOW.

OH, I DON'T KNOW ABOUT THAT.

"SO, JUST WHAT MAKES YOU THINK..."

...THAT THERE'S A PLACE FOR YOU AT THE *DAILY PLANET*, MR. TROUPE?

UH... WELL, MR. WHITE, I GRADUATED AT THE TOP OF MY CLASS AT HOWARD UNIVERSITY... B.A. IN JOURNALISM. I INTERNED FOR THREE YEARS AT THE *WASHINGTON POST*...

...AND I'VE RECENTLY WORKED AS AN EDITORIAL ASSISTANT AT *NEWSTIME*. I WAS GIVEN TO UNDERSTAND THERE MIGHT BE SOME OPENINGS--?

YOU UNDERSTAND CORRECTLY. WE'RE CONSOLIDATING OUR NATIONAL AND D.C. NEWS BUREAUS, MOVING SOME PEOPLE AROUND...

...AND I MADE MANAGEMENT PROMISE TO USE THE MONEY THEY'RE SAVING TO HIRE A FEW NEW PEOPLE FOR THE CITY BEAT.

YOU SEE, RON? I TOLD YOU! AND WITH YOUR QUALIFICATIONS, YOU'RE THE PERFECT CANDIDATE!

RIGHT, CHIEF?

WHY, EXCUSE ME, *MISTER* OLSEN! I WASN'T AWARE THAT *YOU* HAD BEEN PUT IN CHARGE!

GEE, I ONLY MEANT--!

DO YOU HAVE THE AUTHORITY TO HIRE AND FIRE?

NO, SIR... YOU DO!

HOW *NICE* OF YOU TO ACKNOWLEDGE THAT. *NOW* GET OUT!!

SLAM!

AND AS FOR *YOU*--!

ULP... YES, SIR?

WELCOME TO THE *PLANET*, RON. HOW SOON CAN YOU START?

UH... R-RIGHT AWAY, SIR.

THAT'S WHAT I LIKE TO HEAR! COME ON, LET'S FIND YOU A DESK...

WOO! WHATEVER ELSE THIS JOB IS LIKE, I CAN SEE RIGHT NOW--

"--REPORTING FOR THE *PLANET* WILL NEVER BE DULL!"

MR. LUTHOR--!

MR. LUTHOR, IS IT TRUE THAT YOU OWN PART INTEREST IN THIS RESTAURANT?

HERE NOW, HAVE YOU GENTS EVER KNOWN A LUTHOR TO OWN JUST *PART* OF *ANYTHING*? BUT TO ANSWER YOUR QUESTION--

--NO, I DON'T OWN IT! STILL, WITH AS MUCH MONEY AS I'LL BE SPENDING HERE, PERHAPS I *SHOULD*!

Down Under

HAH-*HA*!

I THOUGHT THERE WAS NO SUCH THING AS "AUSTRALIAN CUISINE."

THAT'S A VICIOUS RUMOR... SPREAD MAINLY BY AUSTRALIANS!

WHO'S THE *LADY*, MR. L?

THIS CHARMING LASS IS MS. NAKAMURA, A RECENT ADDITION TO MY STAFF. SHE'S THE ONE WHO BROUGHT *DOWN UNDER* TO MY ATTENTION!

DOES THIS MEAN THAT YOU AND *SUPERGIRL* HAVE SPLIT?

NOT AT ALL! WHAT KIND OF BLOODY QUESTION IS *THAT*?!

CAN'T A MAN SHARE A MEAL WITH AN EMPLOYEE WITHOUT YOU BLEEDIN' *JOURNOES* MAKING SOMETHING OF IT?

MR. LUTHOR--!

Down Under

OVER HERE, MR. LUTHOR!

LUTHOR!!

WHAT IN THE--?!

LOOK OUT, HE'S GOT A GUN!

BRATATAT!

LEX--

--GET BACK!!

HOLEE--! DID YOU SEE THAT--?!

NAKAMURA... *IS* SUPERGIRL?!

GEYARGH!
OMIGOD, HE CAUGHT A RICOCHET!
DID YOU SEE THAT?
I WISH I HADN'T!
TEAM-LUTHOR REPORTING, SUPERGIRL! WE GOT THE SIGNAL--!
IT'S ABOUT TIME YOU SHOWED UP!
SEE TO THAT MANIAC!
LEX, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
YES, I--!
MR. LUTHOR!
YOUR REACTION?
WHAT WENT THROUGH YOUR MIND--?
GET ME OUT OF HERE! NOW!
WE MUST WORK OUT A BETTER SECURITY PLAN... THERE ARE JUST TOO MANY NUT CASES IN THE WORLD!
THANK GOD I WAS THERE! IF ANYTHING SHOULD HAPPEN TO YOU--!
LEX? I'M NOT GOING TOO FAST FOR YOU, AM I?
NO... NO, I WAS JUST WONDERING ABOUT THE ASSASSIN.
IT'S IMPOSSIBLE! BUT I CAUGHT A BRIEF GLIMPSE OF HIS FACE...
"...AND I COULD HAVE SWORN THAT HE WAS DABNEY DONOVAN!"
YOU WON' STOP ME, LUTHOR. I'LL GET YOU YETTT!
"UUNGH? WHA'S GOING ON..."

...'ROUND ...HERE?

I FEEL LIKE... OH, NO! NO!

WHERE'S THE REST OF ME?! WHERE--?!

TAKE IT EASY, METALLO. WE WOULD'VE EVENTUALLY HAD TO DISCONNECT YOU FROM THAT BIG METAL HULK, ANYWAY-- JUST TO SAVE YOU FROM AN ENDLESS COMA.

WHAT KIND OF BULL IS THAT?!

IT'S NO "BULL," CHROME-DOME!

WHEN YOU WERE SPARRIN' WITH THE S-MAN EARLIER, YOU SAID THE SECRET WORD-- CERBERUS!

CERBERUS IS THE ONE WHO BROKE YOU OUT-- THE ONE WHO GAVE YOU THAT BIG, SHINY NEW CHASSIS -- WASN'T HE?

WELL, CERBERUS IS ALSO THE ONE WHO'D HAVE TURNED YOU INTO A DEAF-AND-DUMB BRAIN-IN-A-CAN-- IF NOT FOR US!

I DON'T HAVE TO LISTEN TO THIS!

YOU'D BETTER LISTEN!

LOOK, WHEN SUPERMAN PULLED YOU LOOSE, HE SEPARATED YOU FROM A CYBERNETIC UNIT WHICH WAS ALL SET TO TURN YOU OFF-- PERMANENTLY!

OH? LITTLE MISS SHARPSHOOTER IS A SCIENTIST, TOO?

MY NAME IS SAWYER-- CAPTAIN SAWYER! AND IF YOU'RE SMART, YOU'LL TELL US WHAT YOU KNOW ABOUT CERBERUS!

GO POUND SAND!

YOU KNOW, WE DIDN'T HAVE TO HOOK YOU UP TO THESE LIFE-SUPPORTS!

THINK ABOUT THAT... WHILE YOU SIT HERE AND RUST!

COME ON, SUPERMAN...

"... I NEED A CUP OF COFFEE."

ALL "A'S," HUH? THAT'S GREAT, KIDDO! I KNEW YOU COULD DO IT!

GEEZ... SUPERMAN DRINKS COFFEE... JUST LIKE A REG'LAR JOE.

YA THINK HE'LL TALK?

I HOPE SO... EVERYONE ELSE CONNECTED WITH CERBERUS WHOM WE'VE CAPTURED HAS GONE CATATONIC ON US!

LIKE IT OR NOT, METALLO REPRESENTS OUR BEST CHANCE OF LEARNING WHO-- OR WHAT-- CERBERUS IS.

AND AFTER ALL THE MAYHEM CERBERUS HAS CAUSED,* I WOULD DEARLY LOVE TO FIND THAT OUT!

WELL, HOWEVER THIS TURNS OUT, WE OWE YOU ANOTHER ONE, SUPERMAN! WE WOULDN'T HAVE METALLO TO QUESTION, IF NOT FOR YOUR QUICK WORK!

INSPECTOR TURPIN DESERVES EQUAL CREDIT, MAGGIE. THE STUFF HE SPRAYED ON METALLO** JAMMED ANY DEACTIVATION SIGNAL CERBERUS MIGHT HAVE TRANSMITTED.

JUST DOIN' MY JOB.

DUTY OFFICER HUGHES

*IN MAN OF STEEL #1, 2 AND 8.

**ADVENTURES #491.

S.T.A.R. LABS REALLY CAME THROUGH, TOO! I KNEW FROM PAST EXPERIENCE THAT SYSTEMS IN METALLO'S METAL SKULL WOULD KEEP HIS BRAIN ALIVE--

-- BUT WITHOUT THAT EXTERNAL LIFE-SUPPORT UNIT THEY RIGGED UP, HE WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN IN ANY CONDITION TO QUESTION.

UH-HUH... NOW IF WE CAN JUST GET HIM TO *ANSWER*! WHAT A LONG, WEIRD DAY IT'S BEEN!

YEAH, AND NOT JUST FOR US! I HEARD SOME *GOOF* WITH A GUN TRIED TO BLOW AWAY THE LUTHOR KID!

THAT "SUPERGAL" OF HIS STOPPED THE BULLETS, THOUGH... AN' PUT THE GUNMAN IN THE HOSPITAL.

SUPERGIRL DID THAT?!

SOUNDS LIKE ONE HANDY SISTER! SHE A RELATIVE OF YOURS?

NO... JUST AN ACQUAINTANCE.

IS THERE ANY REPORT ON WHAT THE GUNMAN'S MOTIVE WAS?

NOT YET. NOT THAT HE NECESSARILY HAD ONE...

"... AFTER ALL, THERE ARE A WHOLE LOTTA 'CRAZIES' OUT THERE!"

UHHH...? WHERE'M I? WHASZIS?

JUST RELAX, SIR. EVERYTHING IS ALL RIGHT... YOU'RE IN METROPOLIS GENERAL HOSPITAL.

WHA--? I'M TIED DOWN! WHY AM I TIED DOWN?!

I'M AFRAID THE POLICE INSISTED UPON THOSE RESTRAINTS.

YOU SHOULDN'T THRASH AROUND LIKE THAT, ANYWAY! YOU SUFFERED A SERIOUS HEAD WOUND... LOST A LOT OF BLOOD!

NOOOO! LET ME OUT OF HERE!

THAT'S NOT POSSIBLE, SIR. I'M GOING TO HAVE TO SEDATE YOU NOW.

THIS MAY STING A BIT...

YARRRGH!

...THERE, YOU SHOULD FEEL BETTER SOON!

YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND... I'M IN *DANGER* HERE! WE'RE *ALL* IN DANGER AS LONG AS LUTHOR-TWO IS ALIVE!

HE'S... A *MONSTER*, I TELL YOU! LISSEN TO ME... I KNOW! HE... HIM AN' TH' OTHERS...

...THEY SAVED LUTHOR'S BRAIN, Y' HEAR? THEY SAVED TH' BRAINNN!

WASHINGTON, D.C.

THE OFFICES OF JUDGE RONALD KRAMER...

I'VE UPDATED YOUR CALENDAR AND FINISHED THE FILING, JUDGE. WILL THERE BE ANYTHING ELSE?

AH... YES, LANA! WOULD YOU BE SO KIND AS TO DROP THESE FILES OFF AT JUDGE FAUST'S OFFICE ON YOUR WAY OUT?

THANK YOU... OH, AND HAVE A GOOD EVENING!

GOING UP?

SURE THING, MS. LANG! HOP ABOARD... PLENTY OF ROOM!

THIS WON'T TAKE LONG. THEN, IF TRAFFIC'S NOT TOO HEAVY, I SHOULD STILL BE ABLE TO GET OVER TO CAPITOL HILL --

--AND SURPRISE PETE BEFORE--!

HEY, WE'RE GOING DOWN!

I THOUGHT YOU SAID THAT THIS CAR WAS GOING UP!

SORRY, MS. LANG! CHANGE OF PLANS!

UMMPHH!

SWEET DREAMS!

♪ MY COUNTRY! 'TIS OF THEE, SWEET LAND OF LIBERTY, OF THEE I SING! ♪

PING!

♪ LAND WHERE MY FATHERS DIED... LAND OF THE PILGRIM'S PRIDE! ♪

♪ FROM E-E-EV'RY MOUNTAINSIDE, LE-ET FREE-DOM RING! ♪

Freedom Rings COURIER SERVICE

"EVERYTHING'S PROCEEDING WELL..."

...HIS PULSE IS STEADY. WE'VE TAKEN HIM OFF THE I-V. HE SHOULD BE COMING AROUND--

--SOON.

LET ME GO! WHO ARE YOU? WHERE--?

TAKE IT EASY, DONOVAN. YOU'RE STILL IN THE HOSPITAL.

YOU... KNOW WHO I AM?

WE KNOW THAT YOUR FINGERPRINTS MATCH THOSE OF A DR. DABNEY DONOVAN. OF COURSE, HE'S SUPPOSED TO BE DEAD!

HE WAS ALSO SUPPOSED TO BE SOME SORT OF GENETICIST... NOT AN ASSASSIN. WOULD YOU CARE TO ENLIGHTEN US ABOUT ANY OF THAT?

YOU HAVE ME AT A DIS-ADVANTAGE. I CAN BARELY MAKE OUT LIGHT AND DARK THROUGH THIS GAUZE. WHO ARE YOU PEOPLE?

INSPECTOR WILLIAM HENDERSON, METROPOLIS POLICE DEPARTMENT. THE MAN WITH ME IS DR. SOL HUDSON.

OH, I UNDERSTAND THAT YOU TOLD A NURSE SOMETHING ABOUT PRESERVING LEX LUTHOR'S BRAIN? I PRESUME THAT YOU MEANT THE OLDER LUTHOR--

--SINCE SUPERGIRL PREVENTED YOU FROM SHOOTING UP THE YOUNGER ONE.

HE WAS UNDER SEDATION THEN, INSPECTOR. RAVING--!

I WAS NOT RAVING! I NEVER RAVE!!

CALM DOWN, DONOVAN! I'M WILLING TO GIVE YOU THE BENEFIT OF THE DOUBT. I HAVE TO WARN YOU, THOUGH, THAT "ANYTHING YOU SAY--!"

YES, YES... I KNOW ALL ABOUT MY "MIRANDA RIGHTS!"

ALL RIGHT, INSPECTOR. I AM DABNEY DONOVAN.

OBVIOUSLY, MY REPORTED DEATH WAS A RUSE... BUT THAT'S OF LITTLE IMPORTANCE. WHAT *IS* IMPORTANT IS THAT YOU UNDERSTAND MY INVOLVEMENT WITH BOTH LEX LUTHORS!

"IT ALL BEGAN MONTHS AGO, WHEN THE ELDER LUTHOR'S CORPORATE EMPIRE WAS TAKEN OVER BY THAT *BRAINIAC* FELLOW! I DON'T KNOW ALL THE PARTICULARS OF THE INCIDENT...

"... BUT I DO KNOW THAT, WHEN IT WAS ALL OVER,* LUTHOR WAS LEFT IN POSSESSION OF A HIGHLY SOPHISTICATED GENETICS LABORATORY. UNFORTUNATELY, HE HAD NO ONE WHO WAS IN ANY SHAPE TO RUN IT.

*IN ACTION #649.

"SO HE CONTACTED A FORMER EMPLOYEE-- A DR. TENG -- AND ARRANGED A TEMPORARY ASSIGNMENT FOR HIM AT A GOVERNMENT GENETICS FACILITY... THE CADMUS PROJECT.

"THE IDEA WAS FOR TENG TO SCOUT OUT TALENT WHO WOULD BE OF A MIND TO WORK FOR LUTHOR.

"WHAT HE FOUND IN THE CATACOMBS BENEATH THE PROJECT WAS MY OWN PRIVATE LAB. I HAD HELPED FOUND THE PROJECT, YOU SEE...

"... BUT AFTER A FALLING-OUT WITH THE QUISLINGS WHO HAD TAKEN CHARGE... WELL, I MIGHT AS WELL ADMIT IT... I'D FAKED MY DEATH--

"--AND MOVED FARTHER UNDERGROUND TO CONTINUE MY EXPERIMENTS IN THE MANNER I SAW FIT.

"I WAS, THEREFORE, LESS THAN PLEASED UPON FIRST ENCOUNTERING DR. TENG.

"TENG WAS MOST PERSUASIVE, HOWEVER. AFTER A BIT OF BARGAINING, HE CONVINCED ME TO JOIN HIM IN LUTHOR'S NEW LAB...

"... FOR CONSIDERABLE COMPENSATION, MIND YOU.

"EVEN I WAS IMPRESSED BY THE EQUIPMENT WHICH LUTHOR HAD ACQUIRED...

"... AND SO I INFORMED HIM, WHEN WE FINALLY MET.

"TENG AND I HAD ALREADY MADE SIGNIFICANT BREAKTHROUGHS, BUT OUR PATRON WAS NOT SATISFIED..."

I'D HOPED THAT YOU MIGHT GROW ME A NEW RIGHT HAND ... A REAL HAND TO REPLACE THIS PROSTHETIC.

BUT IT'S TOO LATE FOR THAT NOW. THE RADIATION POISONING THAT TOOK MY HAND HAS SPREAD.

I NEED A CURE... AND I NEED IT FAST!

"LEX LUTHOR WAS AN UNHAPPY MAN. HE HAD LESS THAN A YEAR TO LIVE, AND HE KNEW THAT HIS STRENGTH, HIS VITALITY WOULD SOON FADE.

"WE TOLD HIM THAT RADICAL MEASURES WERE NECESSARY... THAT HE WOULD HAVE TO PLACE HIMSELF TOTALLY IN OUR CARE FOR US TO HELP HIM.

"BUT THAT, HE COULD NOT DO.

"THERE WAS NO ONE TO WHOM HE COULD ENTRUST HIS VAST EMPIRE. AND SO, HE RETURNED TO METROPOLIS...

"... TO THE STOPGAP MEASURES OF CHEMOTHERAPY AND VITAMIN INJECTIONS.

"I DON'T KNOW WHAT WENT THROUGH HIS MIND IN THE INTERVENING WEEKS, BUT I IMAGINE THAT THE THOUGHT OF LOSING CONTROL, OF SEEING HIS LEXCORP START TO FALTER, MUST HAVE GALLED HIM.

"LEXCORP NEARLY FALTERED ANYWAY -- AND NO DOUBT WOULD HAVE FALLEN APART, HAD HE NOT HIT UPON THE PLAN.

"AND ONCE LEX LUTHOR HAD HIS PLAN, THINGS HAPPENED VERY QUICKLY.

"IT TOOK HIM ONLY THREE DAYS TO ARRANGE THE CLEARANCES FOR AN AROUND-THE-WORLD SPEED TRIAL OF HIS NEWEST LEXWING JET. RUMORS OF HIS ILLNESS WERE CIRCULATING BY THAT POINT--

"-- AND MANY MEMBERS OF LUTHOR'S OWN STAFF BELIEVED THAT THE FLIGHT WAS INTENDED TO BE HIS LAST HURRAH.

"LUTHOR CERTAINLY GAVE THEM SOMETHING TO REMEMBER...

"... ESPECIALLY THE CO-PILOT WHOM HE EJECTED OVER THE CARIBBEAN. WHAT WAS HIS NAME... *BUXTON?*

YES, YES... AND LUTHOR WENT ON TO CRASH IN THE ANDES. *EVERY-ONE* KNOWS ABOUT THAT!

IT WAS ALL OVER THE NEWS... HOW SUPERMAN RECOVERED THE BODY... OR WHAT WAS LEFT OF IT.

A BODY WAS RECOVERED, BUT NOT LUTHOR'S!

COME ON, DONOVAN... ARMY FORENSICS MADE A POSITIVE I.D. BASED ON A *DNA* CHECK!

THE HEAD OF OUR SPECIAL CRIMES UNIT PERSONALLY SEIZED LUTHOR'S MEDICAL RECORDS FROM GRETCHEN KELLEY, HIS PERSONAL PHYSICIAN--!

LORD, HOW *GULLIBLE* CAN YOU PEOPLE BE? THOSE RECORDS WERE ALTERED BEFORE LUTHOR EVER TOOK OFF! HIS DOCTOR NEVER EVEN KNEW!

ALL RIGHT, THEN *WHOSE* BODY WAS IT? HOW DID IT GET TO THE CRASH SITE? AND WHAT HAP-PENED TO LUTHOR?!

I DON'T KNOW WHOSE BODY... SOME NAME-LESS DERELICT WHO WAS LUTHOR'S SIZE AND AGE.

"ONCE BUXTON HAD BEEN JETTISONED, LUTHOR SET HIS AUTOPILOT AND TURNED TO A SPECIAL COMPARTMENT IN THE REAR OF THE CRAFT--

"--WHERE HIS 'BODY DOUBLE' HAD BEEN STOWED. OH, THERE WAS ONE OTHER THING THE BODY HAD IN COMMON WITH LUTHOR... THEY WERE BOTH MISSING THEIR RIGHT HANDS!

"LUTHOR STRAPPED THE BODY INTO THE PILOT'S SEAT, ATTACHED HIS PROSTHESIS TO IT...

"... AND DEPARTED THE LEXWING IN A SPECIALLY DESIGNED *ESCAPE MODULE*, WHICH HAD ALSO BEEN SECRETED ABOARD.

"SO, WHILE THE JET FLEW ON TO ITS PROGRAMMED CRASH SITE IN PERU, LUTHOR WAS PLUCKED FROM THE PACIFIC OCEAN -- SOMEWHERE OFF THE GALAPAGOS ISLANDS -- BY HIS HENCHMAN, *HAPPERSEN.*"

"BY THAT YOU MEAN DOCTOR *SYDNEY* HAPPERSEN? THE CYBERNETICS EXPERT?"

"THE VERY ONE, INSPECTOR. I DON'T KNOW WHAT DIRT LUTHOR HAS ON HIM, BUT HE WAS DEEPLY INVOLVED IN THE ENTIRE CHARADE.

"WHERE WAS I? OH, YES... HAPPERSEN RETRIEVED LUTHOR AND PERSONALLY SPIRITED HIM AWAY...

"...TO A SECRET FACILITY BUILT LONG AGO IN THE AUSTRALIAN OUTBACK. WE HAD ALREADY MOVED OUR LABORATORY THERE, AS PER HIS PLAN..."

WELL, TENG--?

AS WE FEARED, THE NEW TESTS SHOW THAT IT IS RAPIDLY SPREADING THROUGH YOUR LYMPHATIC SYSTEM, MR. LUTHOR. WE CANNOT DELAY MUCH LONGER.

VERY WELL...

...LET'S DO IT.

"I ADMINISTERED THE ANESTHESIA MYSELF...

"...AND THEN TENG AND I WENT ABOUT OUR BLOODY BUSINESS.

"OF NECESSITY, WE KEPT LUTHOR UNCONSCIOUS FOR DAYS.

"THE AWAKENING WAS QUITE DISORIENTING FOR HIM, EVEN THOUGH HE'D BEEN WARNED WHAT TO EXPECT..."

...LUTHOR? CAN YOU HEAR US?

Y-YES... I... WHAT IS WRONG... WITH MY VOICE?

IT'S ELECTRONIC. WE HAD TO LOSE THE LARYNX.

DAMN.

JUST A MINUTE, DONOVAN! DO YOU REALLY EXPECT US TO BELIEVE THAT LEX LUTHOR WOULD ALLOW HIMSELF TO... TO BE WHITTLED DOWN TO LITTLE MORE THAN A *BRAIN IN A JAR*...

...JUST SO HE COULD STICK AROUND TO ADVISE HIS SON ON HOW TO RUN THE FAMILY BUSINESS?!

METRO-GEN HOSPITAL
THIS EXIT

NOT AT ALL, INSPECTOR. THAT WOULD BE ABSURD.

NO, THE PLAN WAS TO SAVE LUTHOR'S BRAIN, SO THAT HE MIGHT *BECOME HIS OWN SON!*

"WITH SOME ASSISTANCE FROM TENG, I HAD DEVISED A MEANS OF QUICKLY GROWING A NEW BODY *AROUND* HIS BRAIN!"

AS YOU REQUESTED, WE'VE PLAYED A BIT WITH THE DNA. YOU'LL BE TALLER, STRONGER...

AND THE HAIR? WHAT ABOUT THE HAIR?

MUCH THICKER, SIR... NOT TO WORRY.

"WHILE OUR WORK WAS PROGRESSING, HAPPERSEN BROUGHT DR. KELLEY OVER FROM THE STATES, JUST BEFORE LUTHOR'S *WILL* WAS FOUND, NAMING HER AS THE MOTHER OF A SON THEY'D BORNE IN SECRET..."

OH MY GOD

HELLO, KELLEY. I'M SORRY WE HAD TO KEEP YOU IN THE DARK UP TILL NOW--!

OH, MY GOD!!

GO AFTER HER, HAPPERSEN. CALM HER DOWN.

MAKE HER UNDERSTAND WHY IT HAS TO BE THIS WAY!

"THAT WAS THE LAST I MYSELF SAW OF KELLEY OR HAPPERSEN...

"... BUT I KNOW THAT HE CONVINCED HER TO GO ALONG WITH THE PLAN. I UNDERSTAND THAT SHE AND LUTHOR WERE ONCE LOVERS... PERHAPS SHE LOVED HIM STILL.

"IN THE MEANTIME, OUR WORK HAD REACHED FRUITION..."

PULSE... RESPIRATION... REFLEXES... EVERYTHING IS GREEN!

AND HOW DO YOU FEEL, MR. LUTHOR?

I FEEL... GOOD. STRONG!

BETTER THAN I'VE EVER FELT BEFORE -- AN' THAT'S FAIR DINKUM!

"WEEKS OF SLEEP-TEACHING TAPES HAD GIVEN HIM THE APPROPRIATE AUSTRALIAN ACCENT--

"--BUT IT WAS MY GENIUS WHICH GAVE HIM THE BODY OF A STRAPPING YOUNG MAN!"

YES!

"I FELT A NATURAL PRIDE, WATCHING HIM RIDE OFF TO RECLAIM HIS EMPIRE. THE WORLD WOULD THINK HIM KELLEY'S AND LUTHOR'S SON... BUT I CONSIDERED HIM MINE!

KRA BOOM

"... A DOZEN EXPLOSIVE CHARGES LEVELED THE INSTALLATION!

"THE FRUIT OF MY LABORS HAD BECOME A FRANKENSTEIN'S MONSTER!

"BUT, ONCE HE WAS SAFELY OUT OF RANGE...

"TENG WAS KILLED INSTANTLY. I WAS LUCKIER...

"... A FALLING BEAM HAD SHIELDED ME FROM THE WORST OF IT. LUTHOR NEVER EVEN BOTHERED TO CHECK HIS HANDIWORK... PERHAPS HIS REGAINED YOUTH MADE HIM OVER-CONFIDENT.

"IT TOOK MONTHS FOR ME TO RECOVER AND MAKE MY WAY BACK TO THE STATES. BUT I SWORE THAT I WOULD HAVE MY REVENGE!"

WHAT YOUR STORY IMPLIES ABOUT LUTHOR'S WILL, LEXCORP'S BUSINESS REVERSALS--!

LUTHOR PLANTED THE WILL WHERE IT WOULD BE FOUND AFTER HIS "DEATH." AND HE FULLY EXPECTED LEXCORP TO FLOUNDER IN HIS ABSENCE...

...ALL THE BETTER FOR THE ARRIVAL OF HIS "SON" TO SECURE HIS STATUS AS SAVIOR OF METROPOLIS.

IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE THAT ANYONE COULD ENGINEER SUCH A TWISTED SCHEME.

LEX LUTHOR COULD--AND *DID*! HE IS A MASTER OF SKULLDUGGERY... A GENIUS IN SUCH MATTERS.

REALLY? WELL...

;CLICK;

...NICE OF YOU TO SAY SO!

YOUR *VOICE*! YOU'RE--!

YOUR VERY OWN WORK OF ART, DABNEY! I CAN'T TAKE CREDIT FOR THE VOCAL IMPERSONATION, THOUGH--THAT WAS MADE POSSIBLE BY A DEVICE OF HAPPERSEN'S!

ISN'T THAT RIGHT, SYDNEY?

;CLICK; YES, MR. LUTHOR.

W-WHAT DO YOU INTEND TO DO?

I SHOULDN'T HAVE TO SPELL IT OUT FOR YOU. YOU'RE RIGHT, I WAS OVER-CONFIDENT...

...MY MISTAKE. YOU'RE NOW A SERIOUS LIABILITY TO ME, MATE.

AND A GOOD BUSINESSMAN ALWAYS CANCELS OUT HIS LIABILITIES.

EH-HEH... EH-HEH-HEH... HAH-HA-HAH-HA!

I'M NOT SURPRISED THAT YOU TRIED SOMETHING LIKE THIS, LUTHOR... YOU'RE SO PREDICTABLE! DESPITE THAT NEW BODY, YOU HAVEN'T CHANGED A BIT!

IS THAT SO?

TO ONE WHO'S BEEN PRIVY TO YOUR OPERATIONS, AS I HAVE, EXCEEDINGLY SO!

THAT'S WHY I SENT A FULL REPORT TO MY *NUMBER ONE* BEFORE I CAME AFTER YOU... JUST IN CASE!

"NUMBER ONE"? WHAT ARE YOU SAYING?

ISN'T IT OBVIOUS, LUTHOR? I AM A CLONE!

DABNEY DONOVAN DOES NOT PERSONALLY WORK FOR ANYONE! HE IS BEYOND YOUR CONTROL... AND HE KNOWS *EVERYTHING* I KNOW!

HOW DOES *THAT* FEEL, LUTHOR?

YOU'RE BLUFFING!

NOT AT ALL. AND WHAT IS MORE...

... I INTEND TO DENY YOU THE PLEASURE OF KILLING ME!

REMEMBER DABNEY DONOVAN'S "COMPENSATION," LUTHOR? IN ADDITION TO THE CASH, TENG SUPPLIED MY CREATOR--

--WITH A GENEROUS QUANTITY OF LEXCORP'S WONDROUSLY FLAMMABLE *PYROGRANULATE*! HE IMPLANTED SOME OF IT IN ME...

... AS A SORT OF FAILSAFE... TO BE TRIGGERED AS I SAW FIT.

GOOD-BYE, LU--

FOOOSH

HAPPERSEN, GET ME OUT OF HERE!

THIS WAY! THE SIDE DOOR--!

EEEEHHHHHHHHHH

THE SMOKE DETECTOR--?

OMIGOD!

"TAKE A GOOD LOOK...

"... THIS ONE CALLED HIMSELF RORC.

"THIS IS HORACE BELCHER...

"... JOLT...

"... AND BLOCKHOUSE."

YEAH... SO WHAT DO THOSE ZOMBIES HAVE TO DO WITH ME?

GOOD CHOICE OF WORDS! THEY ALL WORKED FOR CERBERUS ... AND THEY ALL WOUND UP CATATONIC BECAUSE OF CERBERUS!

LIKE YOURSELF, METALLO, THEY ALL HAD FUNCTIONING HUMAN BRAINS. MAYBE THEIR MINDS WILL FUNCTION AGAIN SOME DAY, IF THE DOCTORS CAN EVER UNDO WHAT CERBERUS'S CIRCUITRY DID TO THEM.

YES, CIRCUITRY JUST LIKE *THIS* UNIT THAT WE FOUND ON *YOU!*

STILL FEELING LOYAL TO CERBERUS?

LOOK... I DON'T KNOW MUCH ABOUT 'IM...

"... BUT I CAN TELL YOU *WHERE* TO FIND 'IM!

"GOOD ENOUGH?"

GOOD ENOUGH.

FROM METROPOLIS... ACROSS THE NATION... AND AROUND THE WORLD...

...THIS IS NEWSCENTER 7... WITH JORGE LOPEZ!

GOOD EVENING. LOCAL AUTHORITIES ARE STILL TRYING TO DETERMINE THE CAUSE OF A FIRE AT METROPOLIS GENERAL HOSPITAL--

--WHICH CLAIMED THE LIFE OF A MAN WHO'D ALLEGEDLY TRIED TO KILL LEXCORP EXECUTIVE LEX LUTHOR THE SECOND IN A MIDDAY SHOOT-OUT.

LUTHOR ESCAPED HARM THROUGH THE INTERVENTION OF SUPERGIRL!

AND, IN YET ANOTHER BIZARRE TWIST, A SOURCE HAS TOLD NEWS-CENTER 7 THAT FINGERPRINTS TAKEN FROM THE WOULD-BE ASSASSIN--

--WERE IDENTIFIED AS THOSE OF ONE DABNEY DONOVAN...

...A SCIENTIST WHO HAD REPORTEDLY DIED YEARS AGO, WHILE WORKING ON A TOP-SECRET GOVERNMENT PROJECT!

WHAT?! THERE MUST BE SOME MISTAKE, GUARDIAN! I EXAMINED DABNEY'S BODY MYSELF!

I'M A CLONE! WHAT IF DONOVAN HAD CLONED HIMSELF?

CADMUS PROJECT
CORRIDOR D →

COFFEE

"WHAT IF ONE OF HIM IS STILL ALIVE?!"

DRAT!

NUMBER THREE ALWAYS WAS HEADSTRONG!

NOW I SUPPOSE I'LL HAVE TO MOVE FURTHER UNDER-GROUND!

FEDERAL AUTHORITIES HAVE SO FAR REFUSED COMMENT...

...MORE ON THAT STORY AS IT DEVELOPS.

DONOVAN'S NOT AN IMMEDIATE DANGER... HIS OWN OUTLAW STATUS INSURES THAT. BUT IF HE SHOULD EVER BE CAPTURED...

...MY SECRET WOULD BE IN JEOPARDY.

HE'S OUT THERE... SOME-WHERE... BEYOND MY REACH. BEYOND MY REACH!

DAMN.

NEXT WEEK: SUPERMAN UNCOVERS THE SECRET OF CERBERUS IN SUPERMAN: THE MAN OF STEEL # 13!

THEN: OUR HERO TAKES ON THE SONS OF LIBERTY IN SUPERMAN #69 AND ADVENTURES OF SUPERMAN # 492!

AND NEXT MONTH: SUPERMAN BATTLES TO SAVE THE NATION'S CAPITAL IN ACTION COMICS # 679!

MISS THEM NOT!

BRAIN TRUST

"I HAD *MEANT* THAT SUPERMAN WOULD DISCOVER OUR LOCATION THROUGH HIS... CONVERSATIONS WITH *METALLO*--"

LOUISE SIMONSON STORY · JON BOGDANOVE LAYOUTS · DENNIS JANKE FINISHES

BILL OAKLEY LETTERING · GLENN WHITMORE COLORING · DAN THORSLAND ASSISTANT EDITING · MIKE CARLIN EDITING

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--I HAD HOPED THAT HE WOULD... JOIN US.

BUT NOT THAT HE'D DO IT SO QUICKLY.

HE'LL NEVER BE ONE OF US! HE AIN'T GOT WHAT IT TAKES!

IF HE WON'T JOIN US--

CAN'T, DOCTOR. HE CAN'T! HE LACKS THAT CERTAIN FLAIR FOR EVIL, DOESN'T HE?

THAT MUST BE OBVIOUS EVEN TO YOU!

THEN HE MUST BE DESTROYED! GIVE CERBERUS TO ME!

DON'T YOU MEAN--GIVE YOU TO CERBERUS?

YOU THINK YOU'RE MAN ENOUGH TO TAKE HIM?

CERTAINLY, MY DEAR.

I HAVE DEVISED A WEAPON THAT WILL REMOVE EVEN SUPERMAN!

CHUNK-KLIKK!

A LEAD-LINED BUNKER BURIED UNDER A MOUNTAIN... RIGHT WHERE METALLO SAID IT WOULD BE!

"HE'S FOUND US. WHAT NOW?"

LOOKS LIKE A DOOR! BUT WHAT'S A DOOR DOING HERE?

eh?

CLIK WRRRR

A PERI-SCOPE?!

"NO, SUPERMAN--

"--A DISTRACTION!"

BAROOM!

:OOOPHF!:

NOW I KNOW... WHAT THE DOOR... WAS FOR!

DRAINING... STRENGTH... ENERGY... LIKE JOLT'S WHIP... DID BEFORE.

ALMOST WORKED THEN... CAN'T LET IT WORK NOW...

CLAMPS... LOCKING ME TO THE NOSE OF THE MISSILE.

FLATTENED BY THE G-FORCE... CAN HARDLY MOVE...

... NO TIME ... TO CATCH ... BREATH.

GOT TO BREAK FREE... BEFORE I LOSE CONSCIOUSNESS...

BUT HOW...?

THE FUEL TANK...!

BEFORE I BLACK OUT...

...IGNITE FUEL...

...WITH HEAT VISION!

KA-BROOM!

BLOW MYSELF FREE... HOPE I SURVIVE.

I KNEW THAT WOULDN'T WORK. SOMEBODY'S GONNA HAFTA TAKE FLYBOY ON--ONE ON ONE.

I DON'T THINK I'D BE CAPABLE! NOT OF FACING HIM ... IN HERE!

PHYSICALLY!

I SUPPOSE YOU'RE VOLUNTEERING!

WHADDA YOU THINK? I COULD EAT THAT CHUMP FER BREAKFAST!

OH... REALLY?

AS A LAST RESORT, YOU MIGHT TRY TO FORCE SUPERMAN INTO THE COMPARTMENT!

SNAP!

IF YOU DO, IT MIGHT BE POSSIBLE TO DEFEAT HIM WITH MINIMAL DAMAGE TO OURSELVES.

FAT CHANCE. HE'S MAD AS HELL!

NOT AS MAD AS YOU, YOU NUT CASE!

NOW, WHERE'S MY ARMOR?

CHUNK-KLIK-K!

WRENCH

GREAT SCOTT!

HUMAN HEADS! LINING THE WALLS... LIKE TROPHIES!

WHAT KIND OF MONSTER IS THIS CERBERUS?

A MONSTER LIKE NUTHIN' YOU EVER SEEN BEFORE, FLY BOY!

FZAT CRAZH

LIKE NUTHIN' YOU'RE EVER GONNA SEE AGAIN!

KRUSHZ

THAPPP

MORE POWER SIPHONS!

WELL, WELL. A DISPLAY OF SUPER-SPEED AT LAST!

AND HEAT VISION, TOO!

WHOA, BIG BLUE! YOU'RE PULLIN' OUT THE WHOLE ARSENAL!

TOO BAD IT AIN'T GONNA DO YOU NO GOOD!

NONE O' YOUR POWERS IS EVEN GONNA MAKE A DENT IN ME!

KRUNCH!

BEST WAY TO DEAL WITH THESE THINGS IS TO AVOID THEM.

PERMANENTLY!

I HOPED YOU'D DO THAT.

I REALLY DID.

THAT WOULDA BEEN THE EASY WAY... FOR YOU!

MY OTHER WAYS TA NAIL YOU ARE GONNA HURT A WHOLE LOT MORE!

KRSLAZ!

WAM

SO WHO'S HURTING NOW?

THIS IS RIDICULOUS! AND DANGEROUS! BRAWN WITHOUT BRAIN WILL NEVER DEFEAT HIM!

IF IT'S BRAINS YOU NEED, GIVE ME TO CERBERUS!

BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA

YOU?! YOU'RE CRAZY AS A BEDBUG! YOU'D KILL ALL OF US IF THAT'S WHAT IT TOOK TO DESTROY HIM!

TAKEN A LOOK AT YOUR OWN "HEAD COUNT" LATELY?

WHOEVER HE'S TALKING TO, IT'S NOT ME!

IT'S ALMOST LIKE HE'S TALKING TO HIMSELF... OR THESE HEADS!

ALMOST LIKE HE THINKS THEY'RE ALIVE!

HE'S LIKE METALLO! A HEAD THAT'S REMOVABLE... AND CAN CONTROL THE BODY?!

CLICK!

YOU'RE MAD!

NOT NEARLY AS MAD AS I'M GONNA BE!

FRRZZAT

HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA

WHAT--?

HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA

CHUD

SNAPT

CLIKT

IMPRESSIVE ... ALMOST OTHERWORLDLY ... AREN'T I?

I GIVE A WHOLE NEW MEANING TO THE TERM "HEAD LOCK," DON'T I?

UH-OH!

SO LET'S PUT OUR HEADS TOGETHER, SHALL WE?

KRSMAZH

:UGHF:

FELL TWO ENEMIES WITH A SINGLE BLOW!

NO! STOP! THESE HEADS ARE STILL ALIVE!

KRASHZ!

WHAAK!

WERE! THEY WERE ALIVE... PERHAPS!

WHO KNOWS IF WHAT ANY OF US IS CAN TRULY BE CALLED ALIVE?

THOUGH FOR UN-DEAD THINGS... THEY SURE COMPLAIN A LOT!

NO, YOU FOOL! DON'T!

DON'T!

DON'T!

SKLAZH!

DON'T!

"HEADS WILL ROLL, I TELL YOU--"

--WHOEVER PUT THIS GARBAGE IN MY *IN-BOX* WILL PAY!

GREAT CAESAR'S GHOST, *LING'S OF CHINESE* ANCESTRY, ALICE, AND HE *OWNS* THIS NEWSPAPER!

Daily Planet

HOW CAN THEY CALL US *RACIST?*

COME ON, HON, LET'S GO *EAT.*

Perry White is Very White

Racist Hiring Practices

is Very White

AT LEAST WE WON'T HAVE TO CROSS A *PICKET LINE* ANY MORE TO GO OUT FOR *LUNCH.*

YOU KNOW, PERRY, THE PICKETEERS MAY HAVE A *POINT.*

ALICE, YOU'RE MY *WIFE!* HOW CAN YOU *SAY* THAT?

JUST LOOK AT YOUR *STAFF!*

WHAT'S *WRONG* WITH MY STAFF?

LOOK -- I HIRE MINORITIES! THERE'S *FRAN* AND *SAMUEL* AND *JEMAL* AND *JACINTO* AND...

...AND WE JUST HIRED *RICK SANCHEZ* AND *RON TROUPE!*

AND THEIR NUMBER REFLECTS THE *DEMOGRAPHICS* OF THE COMMUNITY YOU SERVE?

NO, BUT... *DAMN IT*, ALICE, I'D HIRE *ANYONE* -- BLACK, WHITE, YELLOW, *PURPLE*...

...WHAT DO I CARE WHAT *COLOR* THEY ARE, AS LONG AS THEY CAN DO THE *JOB?*

...YOU JUST MIGHT FIND *MORE* QUALIFIED MINORITY WORKERS TO HIRE...

...AND THEIR *PERSPECTIVES* JUST MIGHT *BROADEN* THE PLANET'S *READER BASE*...

...AND *STRENGTHEN* ITS TIES TO METROPOLIS. AND THAT JUST MIGHT KEEP THE PLANET --

WELL, MAYBE IF YOU LET IT BE KNOWN THAT THE PLANET IS *INTERESTED*... LIKE YOU DID WITH YOUNG *TROUPE*...

"--ALIVE AND WELL."

ARE YOU CRAZY? THESE ...HEADS ARE YOUR ALLIES!

WHY SHOULD YOU CARE?

SKRASK

BUDDA-BUDDA-BUDDA

SMAZH

SKRASK

SKLASH

THEY WANT YOU DEAD... JUST LIKE I DO...

...AND YOU'RE TRYING TO PROTECT THEM?!

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY, I ASK YOU--

--WHO'S THE REAL NUT CASE HERE?!

WHOEVER... WHATEVER YOU ARE, YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH THIS!

WHO OR WHAT IS CERBERUS, CHILDREN? SURELY YOU CAN HAZARD AN EDUCATED GUESS.

THINK-- MYTHOLOGY AND YOU HAVE IT!

CERBERUS-- THE MANY-HEADED HOUND THAT GUARDS THE GATES OF HELL.

WENT TO THE DOGS, EVERY LAST ONE OF US!

ESPECIALLY THE DRAGON LADY. A WITCH, IF EVER I SAW ONE!

CHOK

IT'S THE PACK MENTALITY, DROVE ME CRAZY!

YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT IT'S LIKE! WE EVEN FOUGHT LIKE DOGS!

NOW THE WALLS AROUND YOU SHAKE! AND YOUR BODY TREMBLES!

LOOK! THERE, BEFORE YOU--

RUMBLE

"--YAWNS THE GATES OF HELL!"

LANA, HONEY! IT'S PETE! YOU READY TO LEAVE? LANA--?

LANA ISN'T HERE, PETE.

WHAT DO YOU MEAN, JUDGE KRAMER? WHERE IS SHE?

THE SONS OF LIBERTY HAVE HER.

THEY WHAT--?

DON'T WORRY, MY BOY. SHE'LL BE SAFE AS LONG AS--!

YOU MUST UNDERSTAND OUR POSITION. WE CAN'T LET MAJOR HOLCRAFT SPILL ALL OUR SECRETS.

A LITTLE "QUID PRO QUO," PETE. THAT'S ALL WE WANT.

HERE, TAKE THIS GUN!

ONLY A SENATOR COULD POSSIBLY SMUGGLE A WEAPON INTO THE INTELLIGENCE COMMITTEE.

KILL HOLCRAFT FOR US... OR YOUR FIANCÉE--

"--WILL DIE!"

THE PAPERS SAY IT'S A PLAGUE, THAT SEVERAL PEOPLE HAVE DIED ALREADY.

BUT HOW CAN A PLAGUE STRIKE HERE IN MODERN TIMES, IN METROPOLIS?

METRO

metro emergency

I DON'T KNOW IF IT'S EXACTLY A PLAGUE, MISS TANAKA. THE PAPERS MAY HAVE EXAGGERATED... PANICKED... A BIT.

BE A SUPERHERO

GIVE BLOOD!

BUT... SOMETHING ... IS DAMAGING PEOPLE'S BLOOD.

WE DON'T KNOW WHAT IT IS, YET...

.. AND WE'RE VERY GRATEFUL TO ALL THE BLOOD DONORS WHO'VE VOLUNTEERED.

I'M A LITTLE LATE FOR VISITING HOURS. HOPE THEY'LL LET ME IN, ANYWAY.

HEY, RED, WHERE YOU BEEN? MAN, YOU GOTTA GET AN ANSWERING MACHINE!

BABE!

WHY? WHAT'S SO IMPORTANT?

MY BAND GOT THE RECORDING CONTRACT, AND GUESS WHAT?

YOUR PHOTOS WILL APPEAR ON OUR ALBUM COVER!

SMOOCH!

OUT-STANDING!

WHAT'RE YOU DOIN' HERE, ANYWAY? NOT SICK, ARE YOU?

NAH. VISITING MY GIRL FRIEND.

THAT WOULDN'T BE HER, WOULD IT?

LITTLE BLONDE'S LOOKING DAGGERS AT US!

VERY ROMANTIC, JIMMY OLSEN!

YOU TURNED YOUR BACK ON ME WHEN YOU LOST YOUR JOB, AND I THOUGHT YOU WERE JUST EMBARRASSED...

...BUT NOW I KNOW THE TRUTH--THERE'S SOMEONE YOU LIKE BETTER!

I KNOW IT'S NOT FUNNY. I DIDN'T MEAN TO TEASE YOU, IT'S JUST--

--GO ON, RED, HURRY AFTER HER. EXPLAIN THINGS. SHE'LL UNDERSTAND.

AND LIGHTEN UP. SHE'S JUST A GIRLFRIEND. IT'S NOT LIKE IT'S--

"--THE END OF THE WORLD!"

RUMBLE

OKAY, OKAY, I TAKE IT BACK! IT ISN'T YOUR MUSCLES TREMBLING! IT'S THIS CHAMBER!

IT'S PART OF A ROCKET... AND WE HAVE LIFT-OFF!

RRAGH!

HA HA HA! BUT THAT'S THE LEAST OF YOUR PROBLEMS, ISN'T IT, MUSCLE-MAN?

GAS! ¦COUGH¦ CHOKING ME!

WE'RE AIR-BORNE! IN A GUIDED MISSILE, PRIMED AND TARGETED!

I FIGURE, AS LONG AS WE'RE DONE FOR...

...LET'S TAKE METROPOLIS WITH US!

VOOOSH!

WEAKENING... WHY? MUST BE MAGIC, NOTHING ELSE... HAS THIS... EFFECT... ON ME...

...EXCEPT KRYPTONITE. NO MATTER... GOT TO FIGHT IT! CAN'T LET METROPOLIS...

...BE DESTROYED... BECAUSE OF MY WEAKNESS!

AIR!

CAN'T FLY... CAN BARELY HANG ON...

KRRR-RIIPP

MY DRAG ON THE ROCKET IS...

...THROWING IT OFF COURSE.

IT'S TORQUING...

...STARTING TO SPIN OUT OF CONTROL!

TOO WEAK...

...TO RIGHT IT!

GOING TO CRASH...

...INTO THE MOUNTAIN THAT *SPAWNED* IT!

KRAKATOMB!

IMPACT LIKE... TONS OF TNT. CERBERUS'S HEADQUARTERS IS *GONE*. NO SIGN OF LIFE... FAR AS THE EYE CAN SEE.

WHAT *WAS* THAT CREATURE... AND HOW... AND *WHY* DID IT APPEAR ON EARTH ?

I WONDER... WILL I EVER *KNOW*...?

CAN'T FLY... CAN HARDLY STAND. HOPE THE WEAKENING OF MY *POWERS* IS ONLY TEMPORARY...

...OTHERWISE, IT'S GOING TO BE A VERY *LONG* WALK HOME...

The End?

Superman Post-Crisis Chronology
Volume 054 They Saved Luthor's Brain!

"To Save a World!", first appeared in Superman: For Earth issue #1, released November, 1990
Roger Stern (writer), Kerry Gammill (penciller), Dennis Janke (inker)

"...In Love and War", first appeared in Action Comics issue #677, released March, 1992
Roger Stern (writer), Art Thibert (penciller), Jackson Butch Guice (penciller), Art Thibert (inker), Denis Rodier (inker)

"Panic In the Streets", first appeared in Superman: The Man of Steel issue #12, released April, 1992
Louise Jones Simonson (writer), Jon Bogdanove (penciller), Dennis Janke (inker)

"Sins of the Father", first appeared in Superman issue #68, released April, 1992
Dan Jurgens (writer), Brett Breeding (penciller), Dan Jurgens (penciller), Brett Breeding (inker), Walter Simonson (inker)

Excerpt from "The Powers That Be", first appeared in Deathstroke the Terminator issue #13, released June, 1992
Marv Wolfman (writer), Mike Zeck (penciller), Steve Erwin (penciller), Mike Zeck (inker), Will Blyberg (inker)

"A Good Head On Your Shoulders", first appeared in The Adventures of Superman issue #491, released April, 1992
Jerry Ordway (writer), Doug Hazlewood (penciller), Tom Grummett (penciller), Doug Hazlewood (inker)

"Talking Heads!", first appeared in Action Comics issue #678, released April, 1992
Roger Stern (writer), Art Thibert (penciller), Jackson Butch Guice (penciller), Ande Parks (inker), Art Thibert (inker)

"Brain Trust", first appeared in Superman: The Man of Steel issue #13, released May, 1992
Louise Jones Simonson (writer), Jon Bogdanove (penciller), Dennis Janke (inker)

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THEY SAVED LUTHOR'S BRAIN!

BY
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AND
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AT LAST!
IN THIS ISSUE:
CERBERUS BLOWS HIS STACK!
BY LOUISE SIMONSON, JON BOGDANOVE & DENNIS JANKE